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Contents

COMMENTS ON THE WEEK'S NEWS . . Page 506
GOVERNMENT BY PIRACY 508
MIDWAY THOUGHTS ON SUEZ. By G. D. H. Cole 508
LONDON DIARY. By Benn Levy . . . 509
WHEN PAIN AND ANGUISH WRING THE BROW. By Reginald Reynolds 510
THIS ENGLAND 510
RED STAR, PINK HORIZON. By Paul Johnson 512
THE GOOD SAMARITANS. By J. P. W. Mallalieu, M.P. 513
FLEET STREET NOTEBOOK. By Francis Williams 514
OUR KOMISSAR. By Guy Deghy . . Page 514
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
  Listening to Schoenberg. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 516
  True and False. By T. C. Worsley . . 516
  Theatricality and Virtuosity. By John Golding 517
  Figure Study. By Tom Driberg . . 517
  Almost Marilyn. By William Whitebait . 518
CORRESPONDENCE 518
  From Hugh Jenkins; H. J. Walls; Anne Martin; Claud Morris; G. F. Sayers; Patric Dickinson; Sidney Tillim; Charles Monteith; Mary Aylett.
BOOKS IN GENERAL: Page
  Scholars Sacred and Profane. By Edmund Wilson 521
THE SOLDIER CAMPION. By W. S. Graham . 522
REVIEWS:
  The Golden West. By A. J. P. Taylor . 523
  New Fiction. By Richard Mayne . . 524
  Avalon in Italy. By Betty Miller . . 524
  Degrees of Confidence. By Naomi Lewis . 526
GRAMOPHONE RECORDS. By Peter Heyworth . 526
WEEK-END COMPETITION 528
CITY LIGHTS. By Taurus 528
THE CHESS BOARD. By Assiac . . . 529
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square . 529

The Cracking of Stalin's Empire

AT the end of the most momentous week in European history since 1945, one thing at least is clear: the crisis in Poland, and the revolt in Hungary are different in kind. In Poland, it was the Communist Party, with the people behind it, which refused the *diktat* of Moscow and established its claim to national independence inside the Communist world. The change of administration was carefully planned, skilfully and bravely carried out. The public knew what was happening and at no stage did their feelings get out of hand. Mr. Krushchev's telephone call to Mr. Gomulka on Tuesday night, approving the programme of the new administration, strongly suggests that the Russians have at last understood this. They have withdrawn from their inadmissable position of last week-end, not because in the last resort they would have shrunk from using force, but because Mr. Gomulka's words and actions have made it plain that his regime is neither counter-revolutionary nor anti-Soviet.

The circumstances in Hungary are, as we write, obscure; but they appear to present a very different picture. All the signs are that the regime has for the present lost control; that the demonstrations have been against the party, as much as against the Russians; that the Hungarian leadership panicked at the threat of revolt; and that the recall to the premiership of Imry Nagy—himself but a pale shadow of Gomulka or Tito—was a desperate attempt by Gerö to use his sole joker to forestall a full-scale popular rising. It was, in fact, to repress a threatened counter-revolution that the Red Army went into action in Hungary; and it was because the Polish leaders convinced the Russians that there was no threat of counter-revolution in Poland that Marshall Koniev's divisions carried out what Rokossovsky—to the derisive laughter of the Polish Central Committee—called their "manoeuvres" without firing a shot in anger.

Every Socialist worthy of the name will salute the Poles for their achievement. And let us be clear what it is: they have struck a historic blow not only for freedom, but at the same time for Socialism. Socialism just as much as freedom, was strangled in the iron grip of Stalin; and it is the Soviet Union which is responsible for the terrible fact that so much of the struggle for freedom in the modern world has been a struggle against Socialism. The Poles have shown—far more convincingly even than the Yugoslavs—that they are prepared to hold out for Socialism plus liberty; while Gomulka, Cyrankiewicz and the others who stood with them may well take their place in the short list of men who have taken the big decisions which change the course of history.

But what of the Hungarians? Their blood has now been shed by the Red Army and it is on the cards that their revolt may seek to express itself as a total rejection of Communism: indeed the use of Soviet troops, in the first place at the request of the government in Budapest, proves that the Hungarian leaders could not trust their own considerable army. Socialists the world over earnestly hope that the Russians will pause to reflect before they decide to occupy the country and crush resistance by force. Suppose that Hungary, given the opportunity to settle its own affairs, does choose—and it is by no means certain—to revert to a bourgeois form of government, it need still present no military threat to the Soviet Union. Russian diplomacy in those circumstances should aim at neutralising Hungary as it has already done Austria—and the western powers, if they are genuinely interested in the independence of the east European nations, will use their influence in the same direction. The Russians would be wise now to disengage themselves as quickly as possible from a commitment which will earn them the undying hatred of Hungarians, and which makes nonsense both of their professed respect for the right of nations to choose their form of government and of their own policy of de-Stalinisation.

There is now increasing evidence that when the Soviet leaders summoned the 20th Congress to ratify the internal changes which had taken place since the death of Stalin, they had not fully thought out the external implications of their new line. By cutting back the overriding powers of the secret police, they established in effect the conditions of what has come to be called "polycentric leadership." Tito's visit to Moscow, in other words, did not secure for the Peoples' Democracies the right to choose their own road to Socialism: it gave public expression to conditions which, whether the Soviet leaders realised it or not, were inherent in the new line. It is important to realise that the Stalinist system of police control over the rest of the party apparatus was centralised in Moscow and was the instrument which held the Communist Parties of the Peoples' Democracies in a satellite status. The dismantling of that control set in motion a process which is bound to spread at varying speeds through all the satellites—except where it is interrupted by force.

It is not surprising that the Poles should lead the way. They have a long tradition of struggling for their liberty and they managed during the last dark years of Stalin to avoid the terrible toll of executions, which in the other Peoples' Democracies—as in the Soviet Union itself—destroyed some of the finest of the European Communists. What is surprising is the length to which the Russians have been prepared to go to check them. Last week's visit to Warsaw by the Soviet leaders was the third time this year they have tried to interfere in the proceedings of the Polish Central Committee. In March, after Bierut's death, Krushchev visited Warsaw for the funeral and forced his advice on the Central Committee which had been called to elect Bierut's successor. After Poznan, Bulganin and Zhukov in comparable circumstances invited themselves to the July meeting, which reacted by prolonging its sittings day after day and refusing to take decisions until after the Russians had left. Each time the Russians took nothing away and left behind them a legacy of bitterness. Now on the third occasion, the visit of one of the most powerful delegations ever to leave the Soviet Union has succeeded only in revealing to the whole world the sterility of Soviet policy towards their allies, in driving the incorrigible Poles into a more violent assertion of their independence than had originally been intended, and in sparking off the conflagration in Hungary.

This running fight cannot go on. If the Russians use the Red Army to suppress the growing independence of the satellites, they will commit a crime for which Socialists will never forgive them. Moreover, they will face enormous and incalculable risks: the very best they could hope would be to establish temporary quiescence after terrible bloodshed; and, in doing so, they would inevitably re-create Stalinism and all the cold war tensions which are inseparable from it. Why should they even contemplate that risk? Do the independent roads to Socialism really threaten the vital interests of the Soviet Union?

That depends on whether the interests which the Soviet leaders consider "vital" are also legitimate. Countries which choose their own road to Socialism will not willingly supply oil, coal or steel to the Soviet Union at far below the world price. Nor will they permit their economies to be operated in accordance with a plan which is designed to fortify the internal economy of the Soviet Union at their expense. But no Socialist can argue that the privileged position which the Soviet Union has enjoyed in the post-war years can excuse the poverty and actual hunger which Stalinist economics have thrust upon the Poles and the Hungarians. Mr. Gomulka justly and movingly reminds us that the unalterable touchstone of Socialism is a system in which no man can be exploited by another.

Perhaps it is the marshals of the Red Army who fear that any loosening of their hold on the countries of eastern Europe will threaten Soviet security. If that anxiety were legitimate, all the world would sympathise; for no one has a right to demand of the Soviet people that they should risk having to suffer again what they suffered between 1941 and 1945. But the freedom of the Peoples' Democracies to choose their own road to Socialism represents of itself no threat to Soviet security. National freedom will not be used against the Soviet Union—unless it has to be extorted by the blood of patriots. In Poland it is already clear that the Soviet alliance —from now on an alliance between equals— remains the corner-stone of Polish policy: if the same does not prove to be true in Hungary, the Russians have only themselves to blame. Indeed, the principal embarrassment in recent months to Marshal Koniev and his Warsaw Pact command has been, not the decisions of the 20th Congress, but Mr. Krushchev's ham-fisted attempts to frustrate its consequences.

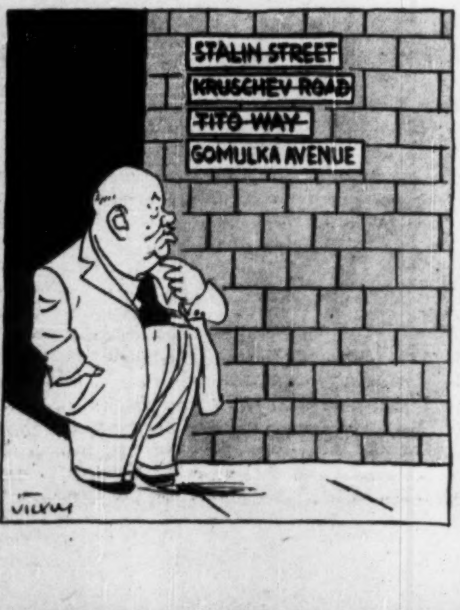
One genuine problem of security, however, does confront the Russians: Germany. And here the western powers have the chance, if they will take it, to react constructively to recent events. Germany has two separate connotations in Soviet policy at present. First, it is an instrument of pressure on the Poles and Czechs, who live in fear that the Russians might do a deal over their frontiers. Secondly, the recrudescence of German militarism is the continuing Soviet nightmare. Let Britain take the initiative now to commit itself finally and unequivocally to the acceptance of the Oder-Neisse line as the German frontier and to invite the Soviet Union, in these new circumstances, to discuss with us a settlement of the German problem on the basis of free elections and neutralisation. The arguments which originally led the western powers to reject this solution were all based on the existence of cold war and a monolithic, potentially aggressive Soviet bloc. Once those conditions cease to exist, the old arguments largely fall to the ground, and the West has a golden opportunity to settle the German problem in collaboration with the Russians—and with growing support from the German population. At the same time, by relieving the Soviet Union of its great outstanding military fear, we should deprive it of its last reasonable excuse for maintaining rigid control over the satellites.

This week-end great issues hang in the balance. Arrogance, impatience or clumsiness by either Russia or the West can undo all the progress which has been made since Stalin's death. The West must realise that the independence which we have claimed for the satellite countries includes the freedom to be Communist, and that security on her frontiers is as legitimately important to the Russians as it is to every other great power. The Russians, in turn, must try to understand that the national independence of the satellites is an integral part of de-Stalinisation; that even where, as in Hungary, it takes an alarming form, it need not represent a challenge to them, unless they choose to make it so; and that the use of force to impose their will on other nations is a denial of justice, of Socialism and in the long run of self-interest.

Comments on the Week's News

The Polish Changes

The personal changes inside the Polish Politburo and the Central Secretariat reveal clearly enough their local political significance. Of the 12 full members of the previous Politburo, seven were dropped—one of these, Dvorakowski, on account of ill health. Of the five re-elected Cyrankiewicz, Ochab (despite many western press reports to the contrary), Zambrowski and Rapacki have constituted, all through the intrigues and struggles of this summer, the "democratic" and "patriotic" group inside the leadership. Gomulka joined forces with this group after the July meeting of the Central Committee, and he and his new men now share the leadership with them. The fifth man re-elected is Alexander Zawadski, President of the State Council and previously a member of the Natolin—pro-Russian —Group. He is the only one of this group, or its hangers-on, to survive the purge. He deserted the group and made his peace with Gomulka and Cyrankiewicz shortly before the crisis; but, even so, he only just scraped on to the new Politburo with a perilously low vote. The three new members, other than Gomulka himself, are Morawski (the deputy-editor of the official paper, *Trybuna Ludu*), Jendrichowski and Loga-Sowinski: all are specifically identified with either Cyrankiewicz or Gomulka or both. On the Central Secretariat, Gomulka, the new First Secretary, is followed by Ochab (his predecessor), Albrecht, Gerek, Matwin, and Zambrowski. Again, all these have been clearly and publicly identified as supporters of the democratic line. It is interesting to recall that when Krushchev visited Warsaw last spring, he used his influence in an attempt to prevent the election of Zambrowski, an old Communist and a Jew, to the Secretariat—permitting himself in the process some anti-Semitic remarks which subsequently echoed round Warsaw. His curious charge last week-end that the Poles wanted to sell their country "to the Americans and the Zionists" was apparently a reversion to the earlier outburst. With the removal from the post of Deputy Defence Minister of the Stalinist General Witaszewski, it seems clear that the army has accepted the new regime, whatever Rokossovski's final position may prove to be. The top political control of the Security Police has been backing Cyrankiewicz all the summer and, with the appointment last July of General Komar—a close associate of Gomulka—


~~STALIN STREET~~
~~KRUSCHEV ROAD~~
~~TITO WAY~~
GOMULKA AVENUE
VICKY

to command it, the loyalty of the police to the new regime was assured.

Jordan Votes East

As expected, the inability (or unwillingness) of the Jordan government to employ the Arab Legion in "policing" the polling stations led to an anti-western victory in last Sunday's elections. The Independents and Arab Constitutional Block, who were popularly identified with the Anglo-Jordanian treaty and the Glubb regime, lost half their seats, and the political centre of gravity has swung from the eastern, Bedouin section of the country to the pan-Arab, Palestine west. Foreign policy was the principal—indeed, the only—issue in the elections, and the people of Jordan have clearly indicated that they are firmly opposed to a resumption of British tutelage. This being said, however, it would be premature to assume that Britain's connection with Jordan must now cease. With the present tension on the border, the Jordanians are well aware that their treaty with Britain is a far surer guarantee against an Israeli attack than vague promises from Cairo or obsolete Syrian tanks. Informed Jordanians know that their country cannot survive without heavy financial assistance for a long time to come; and though they resent the form in which the British subsidy is paid, not all are prepared to dispense with it altogether. Indeed, the National Socialists, who made the largest gains in seats, campaigned on a policy of "revision" of the treaty, whereby the subsidy would continue in the form of rent for the British air bases. This proposal was first put forward this spring, and pointedly ignored by the British; we should now do well to re-examine it and open private discussions with the new government, as soon as it is formed, to discover its intentions towards the treaty. Many Jordanians—on the far side of the river—resent the increasing ascendancy of the Palestinian extremists, and this feeling, which the new government cannot afford to ignore, will work in our favour. But we must be prepared to compromise also. Any reversion to the *realpolitik* of a fortnight ago—whose main characteristic was its lack of realism—would drive Jordan finally into the arms of Nasser.

A Portent from Latin America

The state visit of President Figueres of Costa Rica is more than a matter of courtesy or even of commerce. It symbolises the growing revolt of democratic forces in Latin America against the military dictatorships which plague the sub-continent and against the American policies which condone them. Costa Rica, one of the smallest republics, has one of the most progressive presidents. Coming to power in 1948 by the familiar road of the coup d'état, President Figueres restored a constitutional regime and then resigned. Four years later he was elected president. His National Liberation Party is social democratic and has played an active part in bringing together similar parties throughout Latin America, many of which are bloodily repressed. In 1953 these parties met in Havana to concert action and created the Inter-American Association for Democratic Freedom, which has mobilised progressive opinion in the United States behind its struggles and which is planning a similar get-together next year. Meantime there is the growing desire for closer contact with European social democracy and President Figueres has come at the suggestion of many progressive leaders in Latin America to make the first tentative overtures. One of his first actions on arriving here was to seek out the National Executive of the Labour Party and he is repeating this pattern throughout Europe. Though strongly anti-Communist, the movements he represents are finding it increasingly difficult to justify a pro-American and pro-western policy in face of the official State Department line. The formula of "non-intervention" on which the Latin-American states have always insisted is being used in the United States as an excuse to lend money, sell arms, and give moral support to regimes some of which surpass Communism in their brutality, but which have friends in Washington so long as they grant the necessary concessions. The Latin-American countries are plagued with poverty which men like Figueres believe can be eradicated only by international planning. Hence the search for friends in Europe.

The Wage Front

The railwaymen have the misfortune of being employed in an industry that is losing money, or is at any rate unable to meet its interest charges as well as its running costs. They are also on the whole traditionally an ill-paid group, with nothing like the opportunities of many others for earnings in excess of rates. Moreover they include the, for the most part, separately organised engine drivers, who feel strongly the reduction in their differentials brought about by the improvement in the conditions of the lower grades. This year each of the three railway unions is taking its own line: the N.U.R. is demanding a rise of 10 per cent., and the Locomotive Engineers are claiming 15 per cent., whereas the T.S.S.A. (formerly the Railway Clerks) has said that it does not regard it as expedient to put forward any wage demand at present. It was never on the cards that the N.U.R. would take this line, or rest content with a claim for "fringe" benefits. Their members feel strongly that they have been left behind in the wages-race of recent years and are definitely out for a further advance, pleading that a nationalised industry must pay fair wages whether it is making a profit or not. Meanwhile, the busmen, in three groups—municipal, private, and London Transport—are also negotiating for straight wage-increases; and so are the engineers and the builders, while the miners and the brick-makers are discussing "fringe" benefits, including pensions and security schemes. Mr. Macmillan has failed almost entirely to stem the tide of claims for higher wages. The official index of retail prices rose between January and August this year by not much more than 2 per cent; but this is not a negligible increase, and since 1947 it has risen by 59 per cent. Even those who would prefer lower prices to higher wages do not feel at all sure that if they were to drop their demands, prices would stay put even in the near future; and most of them can fairly argue that prices have risen substantially since they got their last increase.

Compromise on Hanging?

Whatever one may think of the spirit behind his actions, technically the Prime Minister is constitutionally correct in bringing forward a new bill to amend the law of murder. When the House of Lords rejected Mr. Silverman's bill the government was not automatically compelled to set the Parliament Act in motion. It could put forward a compromise and see whether that was acceptable to the House. That is what it now proposes to do. Inevitably those Conservative members who supported Mr. Silverman, and who have been subjected to an unparalleled battering by the active workers in their constituencies, will be tempted to win peace for themselves by clutching at the straw of the government's compromise. It is to be hoped that they will still be strong enough to resist temptation. They will not be allowed to oppose the government's bill, which will be subject to a three line whip. But this bill, which will amend the law of murder, will not of itself conflict with the private members' bill, on Silverman lines, which undoubtedly will also be introduced, and which will seek to abolish the death penalty. The government has announced that a free vote would be permitted on any such bill; and if enough Conservatives retain their courage, despite the pressures brought upon them, the bill will become law whatever the Lords may do and whatever happens to the government's compromise.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Athens

A Visit to the Pomaks

Kingsley Martin writes from Athens: As we sat in the Thracian town of Xanthi, drinking *oozoo* and watching the young people enjoy the Sunday afternoon sunshine, the first news of the sensational events of Poland tended to divert our minds from the problem of the Muslim minority in Thrace. But this, after all, was one of the things we had come to study, as our Greek hosts urgently reminded us. That day we visited the Muslim village of Exhinos, inhabited by a mountain tribe of Turkish extraction called the Pomaks, who have lived there, according to the Greeks, since the time of Alexander the Great. We were shown the monument where 400 Pomaks and Greeks defended the Metaxas Line against the Germans. In spite of unhappy references to endemic and incurable disease among the Pomaks, they seemed healthy people, building a new clinic and community centre, and an electric power-station.

We were puzzled, at first, by the importance the Greeks attached to the minorities problem, but we learnt later that some Turkish spokesmen have argued that, in the event of constitutional change in Cyprus, the minorities settlement in western Thrace must also be revised. Turkish newspapers have frequently complained that the Greek Muslims are oppressed. We foreign journalists, however, found no reason to doubt that the Muslims of this remote area, who may number up to 30 or even 40 per cent. of the population, enjoy religious freedom and full civil rights. We interviewed the Greek Metropolitan and two muftis, as well as prefects, schoolmasters and peasants. One of the muftis explained that he was responsible to God first and to the Greek government second, but he had no complaints of repression. Their living standards are, of course, low: they lead the traditionally primitive peasant life, undernourished and obliged to scratch a livelihood from poor soil. But, on the subject of minority rights, we returned to Athens satisfied that Greek counter-propaganda was well justified; indeed, despite the deplorable Turkish riots in Istanbul, in September, 1955, no Greek reprisals have taken place.

On Monday we interviewed the Greek foreign minister, who repeated allegations, with which British correspondents are familiar, of British injustice in Cyprus. He suggested that the Greek government was anxious for a compromise—indeed, he even declared that Greece would be content with self-governing status for Cyprus within the Commonwealth—but he went on to warn us that the Greek people, after another such event as the banishment of Makarios, might turn against their government and against Nato. He stressed that no connection existed between the Greek government and Eoka. If the British insisted that they could produce secret documents implicating Athens with Eoka, the Greek government, he said, also possessed secret documents, which they were reluctant to publish but which would gravely embarrass the British. The implications appeared to be that the Greek government had evidence of discussions between Sir John Harding and Eoka leaders.

Moscow

Divorce by Consent?

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Easier divorce procedure is being widely advocated in the Soviet press where it is now openly admitted that the measures taken in the 1940s to promote "judicial reconciliation" have proved a total failure. Under the present system a divorce application has to be made in the first instance to the district People's Court. This court, however, does not have the power to grant a divorce: its duty is only to "incline the parties to reconciliation." Experience has shown that this process succeeds only rarely: the parties usually take their application to a regional court. It is at this level that in the words of one newspaper "under cover of the law aimed at preserving the family there have crawled out from their holes bigots and hypocrites who in effect favour a man having mistresses but not divorcing his wife."

The argument usually advanced by ~~the courts~~ when divorce is refused is that the "struggle for the strengthening of the family"—a Stalinist phrase—demands that the parties to a marriage where there are children should continue to live together however antipathetic their feelings for each other. To this the advocates of easier divorce say that the children of unhappy marriages are generally unhappy children and that anyway few people heed the court's recommendation that they should continue to live together after a divorce has been refused. Usually such couples set up new families—this time without legal confirmation; and it is mainly on behalf of the children of these unregistered marriages that the campaign for easier divorce is being run. Under existing regulations the name of the father of a child born to a woman in adultery cannot be entered on the birth certificate. The press has been able to produce an imposing list of names of people favouring easier divorce. The chairman of the Supreme Court of the Ukraine, in an interview where he called for serious improvement in the existing marriage-divorce legislation, said: "... our courts are utterly deprived of the possibility of considering the love, or hate (that also happens) of the parties who apply to court." A People's Judge wrote: "I, a judge and woman, am particularly grieved to see how husband and wife slander each other by agreement in advance because they know that without serious accusations the court will not grant a divorce. It seems to me that when a family has really broken up, when new families have formed, there is no need for a court hearing: the question could be decided at the marriage registration office."

It is unlikely that there will be a return to the system by which marriage could be dissolved at the will of one party. But divorce by mutual consent is a likely possibility before long.

Government by Piracy

THE seizure by the French authorities of the plane carrying five Algerian nationalist leaders to Tunis was an act of piracy. The plane belonged to a Moroccan company. The five men were the official guests of the Sultan, the head of the new Moroccan state. They were travelling to Tunis at the official invitation of the Tunisian Prime Minister. What possible reason was there for the French government, anxious to promote friendly relations with these two new states, and searching desperately for a solution in Algeria, to commit this reckless act?

The answer—to those familiar with the post-war history of North Africa—is obvious: the French government was not consulted. Neither the Prime Minister, M. Mollet, nor the Minister responsible for Moroccan and Tunisian Affairs, M. Savary, was informed until the men were already under arrest. Even the Resident-Minister for Algeria, M. Lacoste, knew nothing until the plane was about to land. The operation was planned and carried out by French military intelligence on the instructions of the *colon* extremists and their allies in the army. As in 1952, when the Chenik government was deposed in Tunisia, and as in 1953, when the Moroccan Sultan was exiled to Madagascar, the French government was simply confronted with a *fait accompli.*

The reaction of Paris has been characteristic. Like Schuman in 1952, and Bidault in 1953, M. Mollet has meekly accepted the fact that he cannot control the actions of his officials. During the course of two Cabinet meetings—conducted, as is customary when M. Mollet is in the chair, in a state of uproar—it was decided to retain the men under arrest and to bring them to Paris. The international consequences of this decision were ignored. The lessons of '52 and '53 were forgotten. Anxious only to keep his discredited government in office, and to preserve the popularity he enjoys among the French Right and Centre, M. Mollet gave official endorsement to an offence against international law and a primal act of political folly. In consequence, M. Savary—the only member of the government who evokes some vestigial respect among the Nationalist leaders—has resigned.

But this will not be the only consequence. On Tuesday, the Moroccan Sultan sent a private letter to the French president, describing the issue in the gravest terms. His arrest in 1953, he pointed out, was an offence against his person which, as an individual, he could forgive. But the arrest of his official guests, which offended the most sacred Moroccan law of hospitality, was an insult to the Moroccan people, and could not be forgiven unless immediate restitution were made. He understood, he said, the difficulties in which the French government were placed, and, provided the five prisoners were returned to Moroccan territory, he would give a formal guarantee that they would not be permitted to go to Cairo. But this was his minimum demand: unless it were satisfied, he could not answer for the consequences; the National Liberation Army of Morocco, which he had, with great difficulty, restrained from attacking the French forces still operating from the country, would be given its freedom of action. The Sultan's letter was polite in form; its content, however, was an ultimatum, threatening Moroccan intervention in the Algerian war.

The Tunisian reaction has been scarcely less forceful. Besides withdrawing his ambassador from Paris, M. Bourguiba has made it clear that he can no longer resist the growing popular demand for the expulsion of French troops from Tunisian territory. Even before this latest incident, he pointed out, French units had carried out unwarranted pillaging operations in Tunisia, culminating in a major clash ten days ago, in which troops of the Tunisian army were attacked. The point had now been reached, he said, when Tunisians would be forced to give way to their natural urge to join their Algerian brothers.

Must the war, therefore, spread to all North Africa? As we go to press, this seems almost inevitable, barring a reversal of policy in Paris. The three-nation meeting in Tunis which, had the Algerian leaders been allowed to attend it, was designed to elaborate peace proposals to put before the French government, has now been transformed, as a Tunisian spokesman put it, into "a council of war." In a last-minute attempt to contain the fighting, the Tunisian and Moroccan governments have unofficially proposed to Paris the summoning of a four-power conference to discuss a solution in Algeria, at which the five arrested leaders would be present. Given the mood of elated chauvinism which is now sweeping political circles in Paris, it is unlikely that M. Mollet will feel able to accept this. But no effort should be spared to bring international pressure to bear on the French government. Certainly the Security Council must be summoned. But it is also the duty of British Socialists—and above all of their leaders—to demand from their French colleagues the signal act of political courage which alone, it seems, can now avert catastrophe.

Midway Thoughts on Suez

I CAN see only one thing—a very important thing—that Colonel Nasser has done definitely wrong about the Suez Canal. That one wrong thing has not been to nationalise the old Canal Company, which as far as I can see he had a perfect right to do under international law. It is that he has banned ships sailing under the flag of Israel from using the Canal; and that wrong thing the powers which are now up in arms against him allowed him to do without more than tepid protests, and certainly without any threats to use force.

What, then, is all the fuss about, as it is clearly not about the wrongs of Israel? The group of governments headed by the British and French and half-supported by the Americans is seeking to insist that the Canal must remain under international management and that Nasser had no right to transfer management to a purely Egyptian body. Why had he no right to do this? The old Canal Company, now suspended, was not an international government body but a concern set up and operating under Egyptian law. There is nothing in the Convention of 1888, in accordance with which the Canal has been, and still is, operated, which provides that it must be operated by the old company or by any international agency. All that the Convention lays down is that the Canal must be kept open, at all times, to the shipping of all nations, without any discrimination between them.

If it is alleged that Nasser violated international law in nationalising the old company, why do not the objectors carry their case against him to the Hague Court, which is the appropriate body to pronounce on such a question? Is it not because they are well aware that they have no legal case? They doubtless hoped that their action in inducing most of the non-Egyptian pilots to refuse service under the new company would cause a breakdown and thus enable them to argue that the Canal was not being kept effectively open and that this constituted a violation of the Convention. But in fact enough new pilots have been recruited to prevent any hold-up of traffic through the Canal: so that cat won't jump.

There remains the contention that, whatever the position may be in international law, the Canal, as a vital artery for the shipping of many nations, *ought* to be internationally controlled and *ought* to be managed by an international, and not by a purely Egyptian body. There is much to be said for international control; but it applies quite as much to the Panama Canal, which is entirely controlled by the U.S., as to Suez. I have not heard anyone suggesting that such a demand should be presented to the United States, or that Anglo-French forces should mobilise in the Caribbean to enforce it—or even that this matter should be referred to the United Nations. Nor can I see that the desirability of international *control* involves international *management*. International control is safeguarded by the 1888 Convention, which Nasser accepts and has done nothing to violate. Why can we not be satisfied with that?

Has all the fuss, fundamentally, nothing to do with the Canal? Nasser's action seems to have been taken in response to the sudden withdrawal of American and other help towards building the projected Aswan Dam. Why was this help, which had been under discussion for some time, suddenly withdrawn? Was it because Nasser had imported from Czechoslovakia arms, the like of which he had been unable to procure from elsewhere, and because this was deemed to align him too closely with the Soviet bloc? And was the British vehemence against Nasser prompted, not by his action over the Canal, but by his opposition to the Baghdad Pact, through which British diplomacy has been trying to build up an Arab-Turkish-Iranian bloc against the Soviet Union in order to control the oil resources of the Middle East? Furthermore, was French vehemence due, not to the Suez issue, but to animus against Nasser for aiding and abetting Arab nationalism in Algeria?

I think so. I do not believe Suez is the real issue. I feel sure the real object of the French and British governments is to overthrow Nasser as a dangerous potential ally of the Soviet Union against the western bloc. On more than one ground I dislike Nasser's government myself. I did not want it to get from any source arms that might be used by it for an attack on Israel. I dislike fanatical nationalism among Arabs, as I dislike it elsewhere. I do not want to see Egypt at the head of a rabidly xenophobic Arab confederation, whether it sides with the Soviet Union or against it. I do, however, sympathise with the desire of the states of the Middle East to shake off what is left of western colonialism and imperialism, and to be masters in their own houses.

Towards the developing nationalism of the countries recently released, or still in process of releasing themselves, from imperialist rule or subjection to imperialist influence, the internationally-minded Socialist is bound to have mixed feelings. Against the imperialists he should be wholly on their side; but that should not blind him to the dangers of nationalism taking an aggressive and xenophobic character wholly inconsistent with the modern world's need for peaceful co-operation. It is easy to see why the nationalists of the Middle East acutely dislike having the independent state of Israel planted in their very midst on territory they have been accustomed to regard as their own by virtue of long occupancy. It is easy to see why they would dislike the Israeli state even if their feelings were not exacerbated to positive hatred by the presence among them of the unfortunate Arab refugees who have been driven from their lands and reduced to the extreme of poverty to make way for Jewish immigrants—whose past sufferings have been in many cases no worse than their own. It is at any rate arguable, in view of the foreseeable consequences, that the independent state of Israel ought not to have been set up; but it is beyond all question that the powers which did set it up—and especially Britain, in view of the Balfour Declaration—are under a strong moral obligation to maintain it, and not to do any deal with the Arab states at its expense. This cannot mean that they are obliged to go to war on its side against the Arabs; for in these days there can be no such obligation. It does mean that, as long as they remain armed themselves, they have a clear obligation to provide Israel with arms adequate for its defence.

They have also a further obligation—to provide funds and lands for the settlement of the refugees. For it is evident there can be no hope of the Arab states becoming reconciled, however unwillingly, to Israel's existence as long as the refugee problem remains unsolved. Were it solved, on generous enough lines, there is at least a hope of putting an end to the perpetual frontier warfare and even, in the long run, of some sort of federal state, predominantly Arab, of which an autonomous Israel could form a part. Some federation of this sort, utterly impracticable though it may appear today, offers in effect the only tolerable prospect of a long-run solution; and international diplomacy, instead of playing power politics, ought to be directing its main efforts to preparing the way for it—by giving Israel enough up-to-date arms for defence, but not enough for aggression, and by taking immediate steps to re-settle the Arab refugees on generous terms.

Were this being done, the Suez affair would at once appear in a very different light. The way would be open to an agreement that would leave the management of the Canal to the Egyptians, subject to an international committee's providing reasonable safeguards to the users. It would not then be difficult to arrange amicably for the provision of the capital needed for widening and improving the Canal to take the anticipated volume of traffic, including bigger as well as more tankers; nor should it be impossible, given some relaxation of the tension, to bring the Israeli pipe-line and the Haifa refinery back into use and to arrange for further pipe-lines passing through Israeli as well as Arab territory. The way to secure the West's oil supply is emphatically not to pick an unnecessary quarrel with Nasser, or with any of the Arab states, but to recognise their claim to be treated as equals—without thereby giving in to their wish to annihilate Israel. At present, the French and British governments are being ridiculously firm where they ought to be flexible, and appallingly weak in respect of the moral obligation on which they ought to be inflexibly firm.

My conclusion is that Socialists must acquiesce in no settlement with Egypt that does not assure the opening of the Canal to the vessels of *all* nations; and that, in order to make possible a settlement that does, they must insist on effective steps being taken to settle the refugees and must guarantee to Israel whatever arms are necessary for its defence. If no settlement can be made on these lines, let us for the time being do without one; for the ships (except Israel's) are passing through the Canal quite all right now. Why can they not continue to do so, under the existing arrangements, until there has been time for some tempers at any rate to cool down? Of course a settlement is needed and should be reached as soon as it can be on tolerable terms; but some delay need not have any disastrous effects, unless they are deliberately provoked. Better wait a little while than endorse a dishonourable agreement that will allow the Arab states to fly unchecked at Israel's throat.

G. D. H. COLE

New Minds for the New World

This authoritative survey of Britain's problems in a technological age (from our issue of September 8 last) has been reprinted in response to heavy demands. Reprints are now available price 25s. per 100 or 3s. 3d. per dozen from:

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London Diary

CRITIC, temporarily absent, has left behind upon his desk two or three letters which he guessed, perhaps, were of a kind to stir me to comment. They are roughly on what you may call civil liberty issues and reflect, I believe, the healthy sensitiveness that has been noticeably growing not only as a result of specific events but also as a normal reaction after too much complaisance. Concentrations of power may be a means to efficiency but, for authority or potential authority, the rights of the individual are a confounded nuisance. The freer you and I, the less free our leaders: and vice versa. So the pendulum swings.

"The matter that is troubling me so much," writes one of these correspondents, "is this business of the Scottish Law Lords giving custody of a child to a Communist and 'professed atheist' father *only* on the condition that the child be brought up to be a fellow-traveller with the Archbishop of Canterbury! It seems to me that the danger implicit in this decision is appalling."

It seems so to me also. And yet, although the constitutional implications are appalling if judges be encouraged to rule on what is or is not the way of truth in religion, politics or science, I suppose from the individual point of view it is no worse that children should in these matters lie at the hazard of judicial opinion than at the hazard of parentage. I understand, of course, that children are necessarily rightless in these and most respects, yet the rights of parents to govern, dominate and steer their children in the ways they shouldn't go has always seemed to me to be based on nothing more defensible than the absence of a feasible alternative. Apart from the horrifying incidence of cruelty and neglect that children suffer from parental despotism, especially in this country, even benevolent parents of normal humility must be harassed with misgivings, as I am, about their own good judgment and fitness for so speculative a task. After all, democracy and civil rights are really founded on the common-sense axiom that nobody knows best, not even father. I sometimes have a sneaking suspicion that mother might, but not, of course, so long as she continues a brain-washed captive in patriarchal society.

* * *

Another letter, from a lady in East Africa, asks, "Will it come as a shock if the carefully worked out schemes of Messrs. Lyttelton and

Coutts for African elections are boycotted?" and then goes on to point out how the meagre civil rights that were vouchsafed have since been whittled away. Although colony-wide African organisations were banned, district political associations were permissible. But what has happened? In December, when the Nairobi African District Congress was formed, members of the Kikuyu, Embu and Meru tribes, who form nearly a third of the African population there, were free to join. A few months later government ruled that they could attend meetings but without membership and without subscriptions. In July it ruled that they could not even attend. As a result of pressure the government granted a generous concession. Members of these tribes could attend provided they held certificates of loyalty and used a separate entrance to the meeting hall! Of the 40,000 living in Nairobi, 75 have loyalty certificates. And our correspondent adds, "I understand that the most prominent Kikuyu still at liberty and an ex-member of the Legislative Council hasn't got his yet."

Passed to Movement for Colonial Freedom for attention and necessary action, please.

* * *

Every autumn the Arts Council issues a report whose lucidity and good unformal English make it a model for official documents. And every autumn the accounts deliver an undiminished shock by disclosing that six or seven times as much has been spent on three opera and ballet companies as on the whole of drama throughout Great Britain. Last year the figures were £418,000 for opera and ballet; £64,000 for drama.

Now I am not saying that a quarter of a million pounds is too much to run a national opera house; indeed it is no longer enough. Nor does it follow that this money would be sanctioned for other purposes by the Treasury if Covent Garden were closed down. But when the Secretary-General is asked (and several newspapers have put the question) how on earth the Arts Council could utilise the extra £1½ million that its report puts forward as a reasonable requirement, then I should have thought answers were not hard to find.

A glance abroad, even at far smaller and less affluent countries than our own, can provide a few. Familiarity does not make such comparisons any the less embarrassing. Italy, hardly a country with money to burn, can find uses for a grant to music, opera and drama nearly six times the size of ours, not to mention her heavy municipal subsidies. The town of Malmo in Sweden, roughly the size of Plymouth, receives for one theatre a subsidy about as large as is doled out to all the theatres together in Great Britain.

What could we do with additional funds? Well, for one thing, one would have thought that a national theatre is at least as important as a national opera house, especially in England. Yet the foundation stone laid by the Queen Mother five years ago is no longer even where she laid it (no fault of hers—she laid it where she was told) and remains a satirical memorial to jam-tomorrow. Though another site has been earmarked, how long can the L.C.C. be expected to maintain a vacant acre? Long ago countries far more war-scarred and poorer than our own have found the bricks and pennies to build theatres without unduly distressing either the underhoused or the tax-payer. But such manifestations of self-respect are not for us. Lord Beaverbrook's demands for parsimony are evidently more imperative.

* * *

For anyone, who, like myself, is a sucker for spangles, the annual Motor Show must be almost as irresistible as the toy department in a big store at Christmas time. What a glory of glittering, gleaming glossiness! Hundreds of cars, prinked out in their best, invite us without shame; some like last year's dowdier debutantes ushered by anxious mothers, but more of them like sophisticated tarts with their sleek attendant bullies. Under the myriad points of cunning lighting they flaunt and wink at us and seek our patronage. "Take us! We are yours for the asking! Subject to a reasonable financial arrangement of course, we'll never let you down!" Were ever syrens more seductive? Why, some of them this year are lying voluptuously on their sides, just begging to be loved. Others, more blatant yet, display themselves with nothing but a Perspex bonnet as veil to their most intimate charms.

For the most part they hover, this side and that, about the borderline of chic, though the American candidates plunge exuberantly across the line into a glorious, clamorous vulgarity. Their exteriors have a parti-coloured gaudiness as for a travelling fair and their upholstery is of a tinselled nylon that one would have supposed suitable only for a Liberace suit.

At the other extreme the Rolls-Bentleys, like imitation dowagers, opulently discreet in their laborious good taste but grown a thought bulbous with increasing avoirdupois over the years, would seem to threaten marriage rather than dalliance. We glance at them from the tail of our eye, fearing to stop and stare lest we should be asked our intentions.

* * *

This drab age? Surely Earls Court is as colourful a huckster's paradise as any that time and imaginative historians have posthumously romanticised. Mark the hucksters themselves, faithful to the traditional techniques of their trade, the quick appraising eye, the rapidly adjusted tactic; the confidential ("I suppose I shouldn't really be saying this to you but . . ."), the judiciously impartial ("Well, as one who has handled quite a few motor cars in his time . . ."), the lover ("Frankly, for me she's the only car in the world . . ."), the cagey ("Well, first tell me just what you want from a car . . ."), the hard-to-get ("Mr. Snooks, show this gentleman our price list, will you? Excuse me . . ."). And so on.

As one who has suffered from the waywardness of a new car that has spent, it begins to seem, nearly as much of its first twelve months in the hands of the repair garage as in mine, I could wish that manufacturers could be required to include among their publicity data a certified statement disclosing what proportion of their cars have needed what repairs during the first, second and third years of their existence. The consequent attention to and improvement in reliability would soon be reflected in our export sales.

* * *

Autumn is at me. The first of the seasons that began to induce a passing melancholy was spring. This first befell me not many years ago. Here was the season of hope. Dear God, be merciful! The season of rebirth: yes, indeed. The season of new birth would have been welcomer. But now, in addition to green buds and yellowing leaves, the first snowfall and the first droning summer's day have enlisted to torment me. Why has it happened? Do I mourn the dwindling years, love life too much to tolerate its passing? Are all men past the middle mark increasingly sad? Or all save only those who, perennially young, preserve delusions of victory.

BENN LEVY

NEXT WEEK

Mid-Autumn Books

When Pain and Anguish Wring the Brow

"The first item in their programme will be an introductory cocktail party. . . . A number of NATO lingual London ladies have been invited to come prepared to advise on sightseeing, shopping, feeding and entertainment in London."
(Ministry of Defence press release on a visiting party from the NATO Defence College.)

Oh linger, Lady, large or li'l,
In NATO lingo erudite,
Past-mistress in ye shopping-skill,
Diana of ye Tourist Sight,
Pray feed and frolic with ye foreign wight!

Thou NATO-lingual London dame
Whenas on cocktails thou hast fed
Dost thou not trill some tune to tame
Ye savage breast or foolish Head
Wherewith Defence is direly debited?

You gorgeous galaxy of gals
Who into Natolese translate
For our Pan-Continental pals
Ye Suez Pudding on our plate—
Strange is ye glory of our blood and state!

Nymphs, did ye tell where Britain stands
Or sprawls or shifts or squirms or swerves
And Canalise those German Bands,
Bidding them call on *their* Reserves
To blow ye trumpet in ye War of Nerves?

England expects—ye did your best
To prink yourselves, perchance to please
Ye pleasure-dizzy, hunger-pressed,
Sight-seeing, wobbly-at-the-knees
Shop-captivated, amorous Natolese. . . .

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A police officer said to-day that a special effort had been made to capture Kimathi during Princess Margaret's visit.—*The Times.* (R. W. Murray.)

Surely there is no more satisfying job in the world than being pregnant—knowing we are serving God and the community while continuing our ordinary life except for an extra dose of sitting with feet up, eating extra eggs and oranges and feeling happy!—*The Catholic Worker.* (A. Williams.)

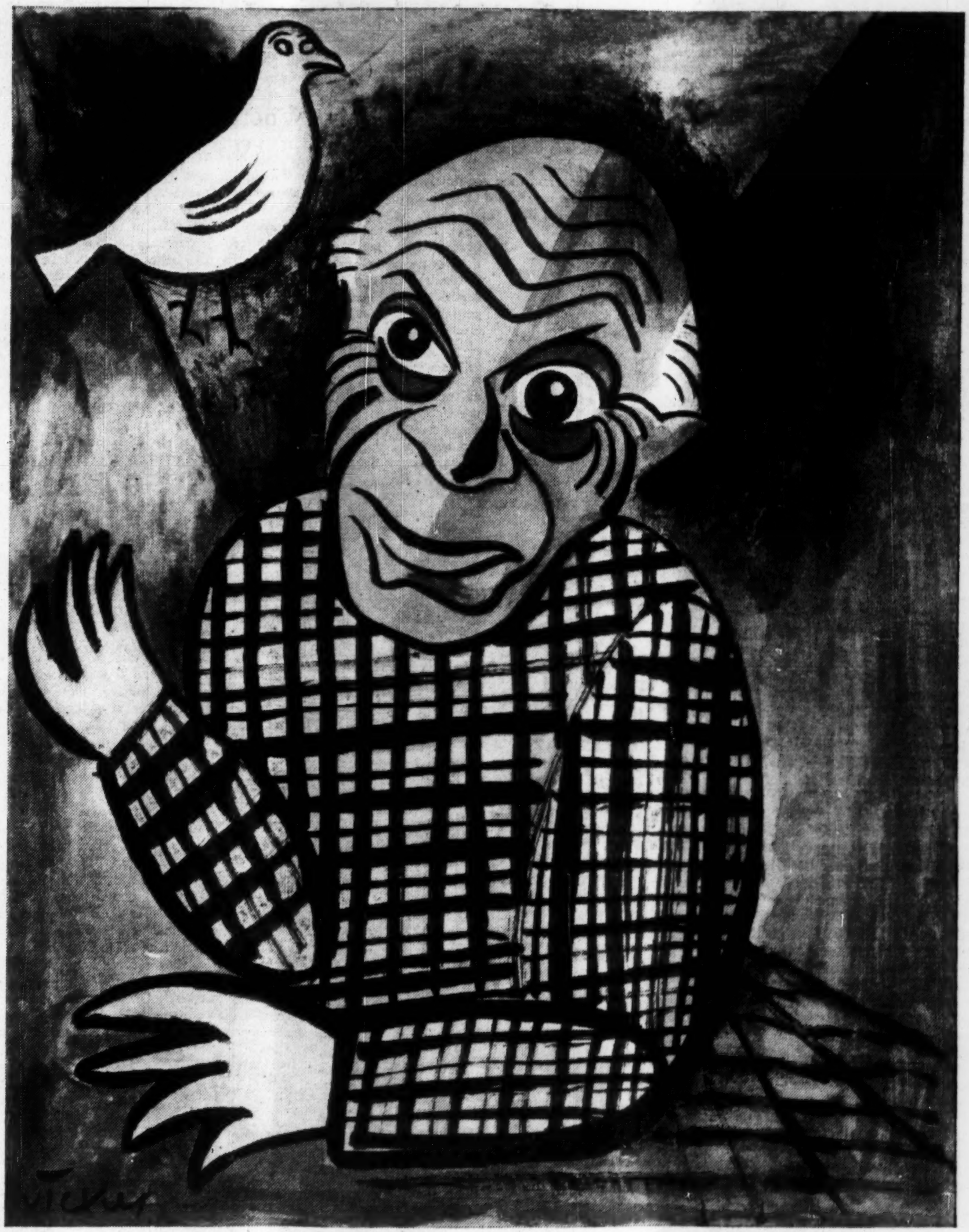
The real mink dog-collars which are among this season's novelties also represent something of a bargain. The reason is one which does credit to a nation of animal-lovers. Being intended for dogs, and not for humans, they are not subject to purchase tax.—*Manchester Guardian.* (Olive Freeman.)

A father expressed surprise at Wallington Juvenile Court today after hearing that his 16-year-old son twice pressed the emergency button in a telephone box and asked a woman operator for a "date." Said the father: "I don't think he has the intelligence in him to do such a thing."

The chairman replied: "It does not need much intelligence, and was a very silly thing to do."

The boy was put on probation for two years for "maliciously consuming 6d worth of electricity."—*Evening Standard.* (Mrs. E. M. Summerfield.)

The commanding officer later decided to take no disciplinary action, and the incident was considered closed. It was a highly intelligent decision, and not an easy one for a Guards officer to take.—*The Observer.* (B. A. Smith.)



Pablo Picasso

for his 75th birthday—October 25, 1956.

Red Star, Pink Horizon

First impressions of the men who run the new Jugoslavia: their frankness, enthusiasm, above all their youth. I met several factory managers under 35, a senior foreign office official of 32, a State party secretary of 30, a big-town mayor of 28. Apart from Tito (who is 65) and Mosa Pijade, two years his senior, hardly any of the top officials are over 50. The great majority of the party and federal officials are in the 30-40 age-group. In short, the young men who fought with Tito are now Jugoslavia's ruling class. This dominant fact, I suspect, is the chief explanation for the most exciting and promising characteristic of Jugoslavia's government: its willingness to experiment, its empiricism. But it also has its disadvantages. It goes without saying that the older generation are alienated and excluded. But so, to an increasing extent, is youth. A university professor told me: "Most of the people who hold important jobs in Jugoslavia are good for another 20 years at least. Of course, the total labour market is slowly expanding, but if no people are retiring, there's less room for promotion lower down, and the annual intake tends to decrease. The result? Increasing cynicism and disillusionment among young people. Less than 10 per cent. of my students join the party."

(*Illustrations by the author.*)

But there is, all the same, plenty of scope for ambition. The most important man at Zenica, the vast Bosnian steel-works which produces nearly half of Jugoslavia's total output, is a bronzed veteran of 34, wearing an open-necked shirt, sports-coat and flannels. But he is not the manager or technical director: simply the elected chairman of the Management Committee, a sub-committee of the Workers' Council. In most factories, such officials are still cyphers, firmly under the thumb of the professional manager. But Zenica is one of a growing number of exceptions. Indeed, at Zenica, it was the chairman and not the manager who showed us round, explaining the various processes with an enthusiasm and pride which defied the translation barrier, and referring to "my factory." The Workers' Councils—viewed with equal suspicion by the Labour Party and Mr. Krushchev—really are beginning to function. Of course, it's a slow process. First generation workers, largely brought up on farms, find it quite enough to learn their own job, let alone the running of a modern factory. The Councils still spend most of their time debating conditions and wages. They have, it is true, the final say in the distribution of profits, but the amount available for wage-bonuses only averages 0.6 per cent. of the costs of production, and in case of conflict, the manager can always appeal to the 1953 Legal Code, which is designed to curb irresponsibility among the Councils. Even so, they are beginning to learn, and they are slowly evolving what is, in the last resort, the only effective check on inefficiency in this single-party, bureaucratic state. Already the party (which still holds a third of the seats on the Councils) occasionally experiences difficulty in getting its members elected. There is no democracy in the federal or state assemblies, but it is beginning to raise an uncertain head on the factory floor. Jugoslavia is still under the red star, but the horizon glows faintly pink.

Meanwhile, a rapid, ruthless, often savage, industrial revolution is tearing up the peasant fabric of Jugoslav life. Rijeka, which slept between the wars, is a smoky, clanging inferno. Belgrade, Ljubljana, Zagreb, have doubled in size. The peasants are flocking into the towns, into hard, ill-paid jobs and overcrowded, crumbling tenements. Most of them do two or even three jobs to keep alive. Speed, not planning, is the keynote. There is frightening inefficiency, a reckless desire to start building and do the thinking afterwards. The countryside is littered with half-completed projects, stranded without transport. The vast hydroelectric system at Jablanica, the second biggest in Europe, had to go out of service this summer because of faulty, over-hasty construction. The drastic switch-over from central planning to de-centralisation—now carried to fantastic lengths—has eliminated some evils, but created new ones. Is it necessary, for instance, in a country of the size of Jugoslavia, to produce 120 different brands of cigarettes? And, in view of the agonising housing shortage, why is there no standard model for public housing? Even the embryonic car industry is already producing three different types. Nevertheless, after an austere, back-breaking decade, there are signs of substantial progress. The shops are beginning to fill with consumer goods (prices are rising, too, but the new policy is universally popular). I saw locally produced, high-quality buses, generators, tractors—even steam-rollers. Jugoslavia is entering the export-trade in such advanced items as telephone equipment and cinema-projectors. The latest addition to her growing industrial armoury is a brand-new atomic research station.

But in agriculture? Almost total failure. Grain-production is only slightly above the pre-1914 averages, livestock (in some cases) slightly below. Since the war, Jugoslavia has changed from a wheat-exporting country to one humiliatingly dependent on the charity of American surpluses. Since the break with the Kremlin, the nightmare policy of forced collectivisation has been set in reverse, but the peasants are still suspicious. The government keeps food-prices down to maintain its low-wages policy in the towns; and as a result the peasants eat more and produce less. Things, it is true, have improved in the last three years, but the peasants still regard the state-run retail and distribution system and the producers' co-operatives as parasites—with some justice. They hate the government because it taxes their land and not their income. Naturally, some state experiments in agriculture have come off. Near Novi Sad I saw a superb cattle-breeding station, run by a dedicated young man, who had taught himself languages, he told me, in order to read international farming publications. But such examples are rare. By and large, Jugoslavia's new rulers would have been well-advised to leave the agricultural system as they found it.

But not all peasants are discontented. A splendid village patriarch, wearing a Franz-Josef moustache, a homespun waistcoat, and what I can only call Balkan jodhpurs, hailed our bus on a lonely road south of Mostar. In the darkness he had mistaken it for the local Co-operative lorry. We gave him a lift and he told us all about himself. He had less than 4 hectares of arable land and 10 of pasture, but it gave him a living. He even saved a bit by working as a jobbing mason in the surrounding villages (the tax-inspector, he told us gleefully, didn't know about this). Did he belong to a co-operative? No, but they loaned him tools and seed; he marketed his own produce. And what was his chief complaint against the government? Goats, he said, without a second's hesitation—the government wouldn't allow him to keep goats. But wasn't this wise, we asked. Hadn't generations of voracious goats turned Dalmatia from a fertile paradise into a land of rocky scrub? There was something in that, he conceded. But *his* goats weren't like that. His goats were good, socially conscious, progressive animals, anxious only to help to build the new Jugoslavia. He didn't smile when he said this, but I suspect he is not the only peasant to cock a sardonic snook at the new-fangled jargon from Belgrade.

Another conversation, this time with the Editor-in-Chief of *Borba*. There was a lot of talk in Jugoslavia, I said, about incentives. How did he get his staff to increase their norms? He brightened visibly: clearly a subject after his own heart. "We have," he began, "the most complicated system of paying journalists in the world. First, reporters get a minimum wage of 20,000 dinars a month (£20). But to earn this, they must have 4,000 lines published; if less is published, they suffer deductions of up to 25 per cent. But if more gets in, they receive bonuses, up to a maximum of 8,000 lines. What's more, their articles are 'marked.' Once a month, I and two elected representatives hold a marking session. Articles are graded from A to E, and 1,000 lines of grade A is equal to 5,000 lines of grade E—and paid accordingly. Some reporters make up to 70,000 dinars a month. Sports editors, feature editors are also marked—for ideas, exclusives, and so on." "But what about the Editor-in-Chief?" I asked. "Who marks him?" "My dear sir," he said passionately, "you've spotted the fatal flaw in the system. *They forgot the Editor-*

in-Chief. Nobody marks me. I get a fixed salary of 35,000 and not a dinar more. I must be the only Editor-in-Chief in the world who gets paid less than his reporters."

It's a long way from the offices of *Borba* to the Adriatic; and one travels in time as well as space. Steaming slowly up the coast, it is difficult to believe that here, at least, the new Communist society has established anything more than shallow roots. True, there is the name of the ship—the *Proletarska*—as a reminder. But the steep limestone mountains slip into the blue-black sea, the squat, crenellated towers huddle around the tiny harbours, the slender fishing-boats scamper about among the islands, just as they did a hundred years ago—indeed, as they did in Roman times. Ragusa has become Dubrovnik, Spalato has been contracted into Split, but their hotels—though admirably run by eager Workers' Councils—still retain a perceptible Viennese flavour. A fellow journalist, who was recently at Pula covering the Brioni talks, told me that he spotted an elderly café-waiter, whose drooping moustache and side-whiskers betrayed a nostalgic link with the past. "Well," he asked, "and what do you think of all these goings on at Brioni?" "Goings on?" replied the waiter in perfect German. "This is nothing. You should have been here in 1910 when the Emperor came down to inspect the fleet." Here, perhaps, is the clue. The Austrians saw their advance into the Balkans as a civilising mission, bringing industry and progress to the backward Slavs. Their role has now been taken over by the Communist Party. And Tito? As the man whose word is law between Laibach and Sarajevo, as the monarch of the Danube, who can make governments tremble in Budapest and Prague, is he not the heir of the Hapsburgs?

PAUL JOHNSON

The Good Samaritans

EARLY this year, a friend of mine had his appendix removed in Moscow and was presented with a bill for £100. He protested that a Russian taken ill in Britain could have the operation free. He was not believed and had to pay. But when, some weeks later, he was about to come home, his £100 was returned to him—in blocked roubles. The Russians had been making inquiries, had caught up with at least one of the facts of British life and had decided that for one individual Briton, at least, there should after all be reciprocity.

When the National Health Service was launched the proposal that it should be as freely available to foreigners as it was to Britons was strongly and understandably criticised. But Nye Bevan persisted. He reminded the House of Commons that for centuries the Catholic Church had freely given treatment in its monasteries to all who asked for it, no matter from what country they came and he insisted that Britain should set an example to the rest of the world by reasserting the principle that in healing there should be no bounds. The fact that only one country, Sweden, which has plans to give free treatment to Britons taken ill there, has followed our example and that a country like Russia, so far from following the example, did not seem even to have heard of it, has tended to revive the criticisms made eight years ago. The critics find it hard that when, as a nation, we are barely keeping our heads above financial water, foreigners should get cheap teeth and spectacles at our expense or have their babies or operations in hospital beds which are badly needed for British patients. It was with this criticism in mind that I have just visited one of the more famous hospitals in the National Health Service.

Stoke Mandeville was built early in the war by the Ministry of Pensions to handle air raid and service casualties. It is now under the Royal Buckinghamshire and Associated Hospitals Management Committee. It is a general hospital catering like others for the normal ills of mankind and is able to provide a better than average service, partly because its buildings are relatively modern. But its service is not confined to the people of Buckinghamshire. I found that the general surgery wards, while I was there, were full of patients from Northampton. In a month's time they may well be full of patients from Oxford and, later on, from Reading. For the hospitals in those towns are so overloaded that there is a long waiting list for all but emergency cases. So Stoke Mandeville breaks down the boundaries, at least, of county and helps to take the load off its neighbours.

Further, the research which it is carrying on into, for example, rheumatism, under Dr. A. G. S. Hill, and the experience it has acquired in such things as plastic surgery, under Professor Pomfret Kilner, are attracting patients to its specialised services from all over the country. It is, I suppose, possible that some people in the neighbourhood of Aylesbury, who occasionally have to wait for treatment rather longer than they might otherwise have to do, resent the intrusion of such "foreigners" from other parts of the country—though I did not hear such resentment expressed. But I have heard resentment about a far more spectacular breach of boundaries which has followed the development of the Stoke Mandeville Spinal Injuries Department.

Years ago many people who suffered spinal injuries were abandoned. They were left to rot in bed, developing horrible bed sores, without hope for themselves and knowing that they were a burden to others, until they died. Stoke Mandeville, more perhaps than any other hospital in the world, has begun to change this. Paralysed men and women come there unable to do anything for themselves. By special machines and by special exercises they are taught to make other muscles do the work previously done by muscles which the paralysis has wasted. I saw a racing cyclist, whose legs no longer had feeling in them, managing to keep his leg muscles from atrophy by means of a specially designed bed cycle which he worked with his hands. I saw men in wheel chairs developing new strengths by practising

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archery, or playing table tennis, basket ball and even polo. Above all, these patients, who would once have been considered, and would have considered themselves, as rejects from society, are being taught that they can have a new and fully useful life. They are taught new jobs so that a steeplechase jockey, for example, who broke his back, eventually left the hospital having qualified as a chartered accountant; and he is now practising as such.

Despite the seriousness of the complaints with which it has to deal there is an atmosphere of gaiety in the Department; and in that atmosphere men and women who felt that they would never walk again are wheedled, cajoled and bullied by staff and fellow patients into taking their first, effortful steps. Inevitably, the successes here achieved are attracting patients not only from all over this country but also from all over the world. While I was there, I talked with a Frenchman, a Portuguese, a Turkish lady and a little Cypriot boy. In the hospital as a whole there were 16 foreign patients—a small number out of the total of 390—yet a number which may well seem exasperatingly large to some helpless Briton waiting for his turn. When I saw the treatment being given there to paraplegics and thought of my own god-child who is on the waiting list for a bed, I myself began to wonder whether in this, at any rate, charity could not begin at home and still be both Christian and Socialist.

And yet . . . it was impossible not to be moved by the sight of that black-eyed paralysed Cypriot boy, slowly regaining the power of movement in the same hospital where a British soldier was recovering from the wounds he had received in Cyprus; or by the sight of the boy's mother working in the wards, so that she could be near her son and help to repay the hospital for its care. It was impossible not to realise that but for the work of 122 foreigners, who now help as nurses, porters, cooks and maintenance staff at Stoke Mandeville, the general work of the hospital could not be carried on. Above all, it was impossible not to realise that, but for the work of a foreigner, the paraplegics in the hospital and, indeed, throughout the world would not have the hope which they feel today.

For the hospital's Spinal Injuries Department was founded and is still supervised by a 55-year-old German Jew who escaped from Hitler; and among his assistants are another German, Dr. Michailis, and a Czech, Dr. Melzak. Their skill, persistence and imagination have helped to create something of immeasurable value for a hitherto abandoned section of British people. I cannot believe that British people will want to deny to foreigners a share in something which foreigners have helped to create. But I hope we shall continue to go beyond *quid pro quo's* and accept into our care, as Stoke Mandeville has accepted into its care, with equal warmth both the British soldier shot by Cypriots, and the Cypriot boy paralysed by a cruel misfortune almost before his life had begun.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street Notebook

No one, I think, can blame the daily newspapers for finding the course of events in Poland a difficult reporting assignment. News behind the Iron Curtain is always difficult even if the Curtain is not so impenetrable as it once was. To check is often impossible. The editor and foreign editor must use what judgment they possess as to the validity and significance of the reports and interpretations that come tumbling in. Having said which I am bound to report that the day-by-day treatment of the Polish—and at the end of the week the Hungarian—news provides an interesting commentary on the various strains and stresses under which judgments are reached in editorial offices—not least that of the *Daily Worker.*

When the news of the Krushchev visit to Warsaw first broke on the Saturday, only three newspapers, *The Times,* the *Daily Telegraph,* and the *News Chronicle,* felt competent to deal with it in a leader, all of them expressing the strong view that a crisis of the first significance had arisen and that, in *The Times* phrase, relations between Poland and the Soviet had "reached a climax." The rest reported the news with varying degrees of emphasis, from the *Express* with "Mr. K. Faces Warsaw Revolt," to the *Mail's* "Poles Demand Freedom," and the *Herald's* "Mr. K. Puts His Foot Down On The Poles." Neither the *Mirror* nor the *Sketch* at this stage felt the story to be worth front-page treatment. The *Daily Worker* ran a self-consciously non-committal single column story under the headline "Top Soviet Leaders Fly to Poland."

By Sunday the dams were down. Only the *Sunday Times, Reynolds* and, even more markedly, the *Observer* allowed cautious judgment to get in the way of the sensational reports of massive Soviet troop movements which were by this time streaming in, and which obviously if taken at their face value justified the largest and blackest headlines. "Poland in Revolt. Russia Marches In" shouted the *People,* adding that 800 Soviet tanks were on the move. "It's Revolt in Warsaw, Soviet Troops March" echoed the *Sunday Express,* and the *News of the World* broke into its blackest type for a banner headline "Now Russians March Into Poland. The Struggle For Power Is On". The *Sunday Dispatch* was more cautious about the report of big troop movements but went nap on one that the Warsaw Radio had been seized. The story of the radio station was also played up by *Reynolds* although, under the main headline "Poles Put Gomulka Back in Power", its general approach to reports of Russian reactions was more cautious than that of its competitors. The *Sunday Times* headlined Russian troop movements but was careful to make clear that the report was unconfirmed.

The *Observer* decided to hand the whole story over to Edward Crankshaw and ignored the more sensational reports in favour of his attempt to assess the long-term significance of Gomulka's stand. Oddly the *Sunday Pictorial* did not regard the story as rating even front-page treatment, and the *Sunday Graphic* was notably and rather surprisingly restrained, giving it only down-column treatment on Page One under the unexcited headline "Warsaw Calm Despite Red Threats".

By Monday the stories of large troop movements had disappeared. The common theme in most of the popular papers, as well as the more serious ones, was that of *The Times* headline "Poland Refuses To Submit"—although it was expressed more colloquially by most. The *Daily Worker,* torn by the desire to show itself on the side of both Russia and Poland, managed on the whole better than might have been expected with the impeccable main streamer headline, unassailable whatever the final outcome, "Poland's Fateful Weekend". "Friendship with Soviet Union and democratisation emphasised in Warsaw," it told its readers, and in its leading article said "We do not pretend to be able to give a complete interpretation of the events in Poland and it is quite unnecessary to warn *Daily Worker* readers to discount the wild rumours appearing in the capitalist press."

By Tuesday it had hit on the right way to deal with the whole situation. Its banner headline was "Poles Snub Eisenhower", and its leading article declared—perhaps a shade desperately—"For our part we have faith in the working class and that includes the working class of Poland". It also advised its readers, who no doubt believed it, "The Communist Party in Britain is independent, nobody gives us orders and if they did we wouldn't take them."

Tuesday's evening papers were full of the news of Soviet warships on the move, but by Wednesday morning Hungary had naturally pushed Poland out of the leading place, except in the *Herald* and the *Daily Worker.* The *Worker's* main headline was "Poland To Stand by Russia". The *Herald* led with "Krushchev Apologises to the Poles," putting the newer and hotter story from Hungary down column.

Caught, it is charitable to assume, by the lateness of the news from Hungary, which did not begin to flow in in real volume until the early hours of the morning, the *Daily Worker* reported to its readers that although there had been a "100,000 March in Hungary" with "Mixed Motives at Rallies" everything was "quiet and orderly". Even more impressive, it added, was "the fact that the only policeman in evidence was the usual guard at the door of the Embassy". The *Mirror* and *Sketch* both had other and no doubt more stirring matters to attend to. They led with neither Hungary nor Poland but with the matrimonial troubles of Don Cockell.

Francis Williams

Our Komissar

I was only about seven when the whole world collapsed, and so it made very little impression on me. Military parades were quite usual in our street; the only difference was that the marchers were not in uniform, and that they seemed rather listless. "That's Béla Kún," said my father, pointing to a stocky man who was riding past in an open tourer. Since I was brought up to wave to processions, I waved to Mr. Kún. I don't think my father did; he turned to the four maids who stood behind us on the balcony like four depressed caryatides upholding the uncertain present, and said: "We shall have tea in the drawing room from the Sèvres service."

Now, looking back, I am retrospectively very impressed to have lived through the Communist revolution in Budapest, the first in central Europe, or, for that matter, anywhere outside Russia, though quite frankly I cannot remember that it made any noticeable difference to the smooth running of my parents' household. Breakfast was at nine; my mother drank tea, and my father coffee out of a Herend cup; luncheon was at one, with two maids in attendance and the Dresden service; tea, in Sèvres, Dresden or Rockingham, according to my father's mood, followed whenever he had finished his nap; and dinner (Staffordshire) was still marred by my father's desperation over the inability of the cook, a Hungarian peasant woman, to translate into dining-room reality a simple recipe from the *Almanach des Gourmands.*

Outside, Communism went on quite gaily without making me aware of any change in the arrangements until one day a middle-aged, middle-sized average man in a trench-coat was shown into my father's study.

"My name is Grünfeld," said the man. "I am your House Komissar. I've come to live with you," he added apologetically.

Capitalists—and fortunately my father was one—had to live under the supervision of a qualified practitioner of the new way of life. Mr. Grünfeld had come to see that our household was being run on sound ideological lines.

"Very well," said my father. "I shall be glad to have in my house somebody as civil and obviously trustworthy as you are."

"Don't worry, sir," said the Komissar. "I'll look after you and the lady, and the young gentleman here."

We then took Mr. Grünfeld on a conducted tour of the house. My father was proud of his collection. The Komissar praised some George Morland pigs and a particularly realistic dead pheasant by Jan Weenix, the Younger. Having often heard my father grunt when his solicitor or bank manager tried to pass an apt remark about one of his treasures, and seeing him now beam at the comments of Mr. Grünfeld, I knew that he liked the man.

My mother, however, was confronted with an unprecedented problem. Was a Komissar a guest or a jobbing tradesman? Where does a Komissar expect to be put up? As an official of the régime in power he would qualify for the best guest room; as a representative of the proletariat, on the other hand, he might be offended if anything more luxurious than servants' quarters were offered him. And, with all the accomplishments of a perfect hostess, my mother still could not decide where a Komissar took his meals—with the family or in the kitchen?

Mr. Grünfeld cut across the difficulties. "Here," he said as we stood around him in the drawing room. "Here," he repeated, noting the exact position between Domenico Feti's "The Marriage of St. Catherine" and Gebrand van den Eeckhout's "Laban and Jacob." "You can put up a bed for me here and I'll be quite comfortable, I'm sure." As for his meals, he decided to have them served on the shiny mahogany top of the Steinway baby grand.

My father liked to go for long walks and, in those uncertain days, my mother was glad when the Komissar offered to accompany him. He proved a good and intelligently responsive listener when my father—an enthusiastic amateur lecturer—enlightened him on the subject of 19th-century aberrations in architecture. He even developed little artistic foibles of his own. The maids, he asserted, did not begin to know how to polish fine silver; and he did not rest until my mother gave him some cleaning utensils. He seemed really happy in the kitchen, polishing the Georgian cutlery with a piece of chamois-leather, under the suspicious eyes of the cook and the four maids.

Then, one day, the ukase was issued from Mr. Kún's headquarters that all jewellery must be surrendered. My mother had some beautiful pendant ear-rings, a gold-mesh handbag, and some brooches and bracelets. She also had, for some inexplicable reason, a French *louis d'or*. These treasures were handed over to People's Komissar Grünfeld for safe keeping.

"Don't you worry, madam," he said as he stuffed the diamonds and gold-mesh into his pockets. Then he stopped. A thought had struck him. He hauled the jewels out of his pockets. "No," he said decisively. He raised the lid of his Steinway dining-table and shovelled in my mother's treasures. "They'll be safer here," he added with a knowing wink as he clapped down the piano lid. We had our little conspiracy, Mr. Grünfeld and we.

The only incident to mar the Komissar's stay in our house occurred when he announced, rather sheepishly, that he was thinking of getting married. "Congratulations," said my mother, "I suppose you have found somewhere to take your bride?" He did not answer but looked away. The subject was not raised again.

I don't really remember what happened in the end. Hungary was eventually liberated by the Rumanians, Mr. Kún was sent packing, and the same route that he paraded in an open tourer was re-trotted by Admiral Horthy on a white charger. Mr. Grünfeld disappeared.

But years later, when all was forgotten, I remembered the People's Komissar. I must have been about thirteen—the time one wants to do away with the unsettled business of the past—and I questioned my parents about this fading memory. I was told that he was the same man who now delivered our fruit and vegetables every day. The years between seven and thirteen run too fast to connect two persons with the same, not uncommon, name, and I seldom saw the men who came to the back door.

I was told the whole gruesome story of that revolution. It must have been terrible, and deep down in my heart I was sorry to have missed it. All I had seen of that orgy of revenge and hatred was the benign, bovine, uncertain smile of Mr. Grünfeld, greengrocer and Komissar of the People, who could not be happy unless he felt the eyes of Feti's St. Catherine and Eeckhout's Laban and Jacob watching over his sleep; and who, in that moment of truth when he had to hand back the contents of my mother's treasure chest, gave back every scrap of it except the *louis d'or* to which he had become particularly attached.

GUY DEGHY

WHEN WE WERE VERY SMALL, in 1895, we were not like other youngsters. Praise embarrassed us.

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The Arts and Entertainment

Listening to Schoenberg

SCHOENBERG is much discussed, seldom performed. So we must be grateful to the Third Programme, and to the organisers of the Peter Watson Memorial Concert at the Wigmore Hall, for a chance of hearing some of his larger and more important scores: the Opus 24 *Serenade* given under the direction of M. René Leibowitz, the *Variations* for organ, the late String Trio and the Fourth String Quartet.

While listening to the Macgibbon String Quartet playing the last of these works, an impressive composition, I was struck by the contrast between the strongly dissonant, very "modern" sound of melody and harmony proceeding in accordance with strict serial technique, and the traditional, highly conventional, nature of the rhythm and texture. A few days later I came across a paper by Mr. Oliver Neighbour, printed in *The Score* for June 1956, which discusses the traditional element in this very Quartet, and incidentally explains how it is that an uninstructed listener, who has not spotted the note-row and may even be unaware that he is listening to a serial composition, can nevertheless find the music at any rate partially intelligible. To begin with, Schoenberg's themes, as Mr. Neighbour points out, "are defined primarily by their rhythm"; and the very first page of the Quartet offers a striking demonstration of this. Bars 1 to 6 are closely paralleled by bars 10 to 15; each consists of a tune in the first violin with accompanying chords, or chordal figures, in the remaining instruments. The melody of bars 1 to 6 consists of the basic note-row; that of bars 10 to 15 of its retrograde version. But I think it is a safe guess that any listener who is bright enough to spot the parallel between these two passages will have been led to do so, not by the reversed note-sequence, but by the almost unchanged and strongly marked rhythmic pattern—two minims, followed by a group of quavers, followed by crotchets. As it happens, the rhythm is very similar to that of the opening of Mozart's D minor Quartet; and so—"another wonder", as Gerontius would say—is the tonality.

For tonality is not so completely banished from dodecaphonic music as is usually supposed. I agree with Mr. Neighbour's view that there is a strong sensation of D minor in the opening bars of this Quartet and an "emphatic return" to the key of D at bar 14. Such an interpretation might have shocked the composer, who once wrote that "even a slight reminiscence of the former tonal harmony would be disturbing"; nevertheless the reminiscences are there, and they are not occasional, but frequent; not vestigial, but structural. Just as in tonal music, observes Mr. Neighbour, "the parts move in response to the tensions they impose on one another, and these tensions resolve in the sort of way we should naturally expect". Stepwise motion he finds to be fulfilling the same function as in traditional harmony, "that of lending coherence to the progressions".

Whether all this is vile heresy or the latest orthodoxy I cannot say; but I think it is both true and significant. It explains, as I have said, why we can sometimes make sense—at any rate, a limited degree of sense—of a composition whose overt structural design, that of the twelve-note sequence, we have not grasped at all. The strong tonal implications in most of Berg's serial compositions—his habit of choosing a note-row containing a tonal chord or scale, for instance—are well known; so are Schoenberg's occasional reversions to the tonal practices of his youth ("*On revient toujours,*" as he himself put it); but that powerful tonal "pulls" are present in the most seemingly rigid of his dodecaphonic works had not, to my knowledge, been previously demonstrated. A sceptical critic might say that Schoenberg's innate musicality was too strong to be stifled by scholastic theory. But Mr. Neighbour is no sceptic; on the contrary, he is a fervent admirer, so that his fresh approach is all the more admirable. Yet even he, clear-headed and fair-minded as he is, has not fully faced the central puzzle of serial technique, that of its intelligibility. An example of what I mean arises in the very first bar of the Fourth Quartet.

It is tiresome, I fear, to discuss musical details without printing the notes; but scoreless readers who can lay hands on *The Listener* for October 11th will find the first two bars of the Quartet quoted there in the course of an article by Mr. Hans Keller. In the first bar the two minims of the tune in the first violin are accompanied on the off beats by three detached chords on the lower instruments; and these chords are made up, respectively, of notes 4 to 6, notes 7 to 9, and notes 10 to 12 of the note-row. At this point, be it observed, the listener has not yet heard the note-row, melodically, even once through; he has got no further than its second note. What then, we may ask, is the point of choosing precisely those three-note groups for the off-beat chords? Their selection can have, as yet, no significance. Mr. Neighbour mentions the difficulty in passing, but offers no explanation. Yet the procedure is clearly important to the composer, who promptly repeats it twice as the rest of the main theme unfolds. What is he aiming at? Whom is he pleasing? Not the individual players, the interest in whose parts can have at this point nothing to do with the note-row, since they are skipping about from one part of the row to another. The speed is "Allegro molto", and it is impossible to rid oneself of the feeling that for these rapid off-beat chords other notes would have done just as well, and that the presence of the vertical but inaudible note-row, though it may satisfy some acrostic passion in the composer, is musically an irrelevance. But, if we once admit that, where shall we stop?

In the cello part of bar 228 of this movement there is a semiquaver F natural which, according to the experts, "should" be F sharp in order to conform with the note-row. Some have suspected a mistake in copying; but Richard Hoffmann, a pupil and close associate of Schoenberg in his last years, is quoted as saying: "Schoenberg never attached great importance to putting such 'wrong' notes right, so long as no octave doublings resulted" (Rufer, *Composition with Twelve Notes*, page 151). Putting such wrong notes right! That Schoenberg didn't bother his head about a semiquaver that has certainly never bothered a single listener (as opposed to analyst) in the twenty years of its existence is doubtless a tribute to his good sense; but then, we cannot help asking, if this particular semiquaver doesn't matter, why do so many thousands of other semiquavers matter so much? What, in that case, is precisely the object of strict serial procedure, and how far should the listener be aware of it?

According to Schoenberg, "Composition with twelve tones has no other aim than comprehensibility", which sounds like a paradox; but on these questions the twelve-note school offers no clear doctrine. Mr. Humphrey Searle, for instance, a pupil of Webern and a twelve-note composer himself, tells us (in *Twentieth Century Counterpoint*, page 93) that about half of Berg's *Lyric Suite* is written according to the principles of twelve-note composition, while the rest is not; and he adds, "Yet I defy any listener to detect any stylistic difference between the movements, or even to tell which use the twelve-tone method and which do not, unless he has previously been informed or has analysed the score". Agreed; but, if no one can tell the difference, what is the point of the change? In *Parsifal,* when Wagner moves from the diatonic music associated with the Grail to the chromatic music associated with Kundry and Amfortas, he didn't care a rap, I feel sure, whether his listeners could correctly *describe* what was happening to the harmony; but he knew quite well that, in so far as they were musical, they would *feel* the stylistic difference as indicating a change of spiritual atmosphere. In short, comprehensibility was always Wagner's aim. But if Mr. Searle's account of the *Lyric Suite* is true, can we reasonably say that comprehensibility is the sole aim of serial technique?

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

True and False

TWO plays could hardly be more different than *Lamp At Midnight*, an American play about Galileo, to which Bristol Old Vic are giving a first English showing, and Cocteau's *The Knights of the Round Table,* which is the second offering of the new Oxford Playhouse. The American play by Mr. Barrie Stavis is serious in intention, accurate in detail, careful in planning, and theatrically dead; Cocteau's play is frivolous in intention and slapdash in execution and theatrically alive from the first line to the last. Alas, intentions, however good, don't by themselves make good plays; but good inventions, however higgledy-piggledy their use, are of the essence.

The Knights of the Round Table (admirably translated by W. H. Auden) is only second-grade Cocteau. The exposition is a little long and the delightful absurdity of the second act doesn't quite successfully modulate into the last. But all of it, while it goes on, tickles, surprises and delights; and all the Cocteau elements are there in essence. The Castle of Camelot is going through a bad patch. Merlin, hired as a Lord Chamberlain, is the cause, and the effects are produced by his horrid little attendant spirit who has the power to change into any human person at will. In the first act he becomes Gawain and seduces King Arthur's affections in the guise of a kind of Angus Wilson *enfant terrible*. In the second act in the Dark Tower he becomes a wonderfully awful version of the Queen; in the last he pokes out for a moment from the purity of Galahad. The ensuing confusion may, as they say, be imagined; and there are splendid chances, too, for the actors in their various double roles. Miss Charmian Eyre, who has now joined the company, did especially well as the false Guinevere catching just that note of "camp" gentility which Rodney Dyak had rightly suggested in his false Gawain, and she added a delightful touch of a false transvestist too. Altogether the company brought off this *jeu d'esprit* with a most enjoyable gusto. Mr. Frank Hauser, who produced, made the beginning clear and the middle the greatest fun with a series of ingenious stage tricks. Perhaps he must share a little of the author's blame for letting the end seem a thing slightly all on its own.

At Bristol Mr. Stavis conducts us through the story of Galileo's clash with the Church. This is an archetypal humanist theme, since Galileo was not a rebel but a devout member of the Church which censored him: and so the struggle in his conscience was a peculiarly bitter one. Mr. Stavis documents the situation without bringing it to life. He has fallen, I think, between two stools; in a praiseworthy effort to avoid false romanticism he has missed the drama of his subject. Nor has he succeeded—the failure is perhaps one of language—in establishing and placing the period. Both Church and Science come out as conventional illustrations to a history textbook; no doubt they can hardly be faulted for accuracy, but that doesn't make them any more interesting on the stage.

Such a play, careful and lifeless, cannot be rescued by even the finest acting. Mr. Joseph O'Connor does a good deal with Galileo, short of giving him the missing life; and Mr. Peter O'Toole made an interesting figure out of Cardinal Barberini. The rest of the company play their lay-figure parts satisfactorily.

T. C. WORSLEY

Theatricality and Virtuosity

Le Tour des Ateliers at Tooth's is an exhibition of unabashed theatricality and virtuosity, which serves to illustrate the fact that even when the French have nothing to say they contrive to say it with the maximum of dexterity and commercial appeal. Many of the painters represented are extremely young, all of them are technically proficient, and almost none of them appear to have anything on their minds or in their hearts. But the exhibition is given weight by three impressive canvases by Riopelle, a young French Canadian painter who has lived in Paris for the past ten years. It is hard to imagine where a painter like this, already in full command of a highly sophisticated abstract idiom and apparently uninterested in man and the world around him, can go to next, but it is well worth seeing where he has arrived. His canvases, sombre and original in colour, are built up layer by layer until the surface acquires a tactile three-dimensional feel. As one looks at them the original flat tapestry-like effect vanishes; slowly the whole canvas becomes animated, planes of colour come to life, sliding, tipping and interweaving, forming spatial relationships of infinite complexity and subtlety. The handling of paint is masterly; each area, each slab of colour has woven into it every other colour in the canvas, every one of the thousand touches plays its part.

If Riopelle's work is controlled, not so that of Alan Davie. His vast canvas, *Priest of the Red Temple*, on view at Gimpel Fils, has all the apparent abandon of some primitive sacrificial or sexual orgy. This striking looking picture, executed with tremendous flourish and attack, has the appearance of being an important pictorial manifestation; and yet it fails to convince. Like a great many contemporary American painters (and indeed his work is much admired in the United States) Mr. Davie's prime concern is with the actual physical act of painting, and the result owes a great deal to improvisation and the exploitation of technical accidents, drips, smudges and blots. Here, however, he goes further and overlays this approach with a symbolic content. One feels that Mr. Davie is trying to get the best of all worlds; and it is perhaps for this reason that his painting lacks the impact and validity of the work of painters like Pollock and de Kooning. A painting as large and deliberately violent as this, as coarse and unreasoned, implies some sort of comment or protest, or else the expression of some deep felt emotion. But if a comment or a protest is intended, I for one cannot see it, neither does the painting strike me as being some genuine cry from the heart. Behind the façade of technical bravado I can detect no real passion or depth. The large painting is surrounded by a lot of smaller sketches and paintings which are too slight to deserve much attention. The casual output of a great genius like Picasso may be of interest because it provides a fresh insight into his method of work or because it reveals some historical fact, but why must young painters like Mr. Davie persist in showing themselves at their most vulnerable? In the back room at Gimpel's, in complete contrast, Peter Potworowski shows paintings in which the most daring of materials, burlap, sacks with stencilled letters and fishnets, are used to achieve the most decorous of effects.

John Golding

Figure Study

THIS week a mass of information about themselves and their preferences has been unloaded on viewers and listeners: the *BBC Handbook*, 1957, was published on Tuesday, the BBC's quarterly review of listening and viewing trends was released on Monday; and on Monday, too, the *News Chronicle* devoted most of a page to the "top ten" TV programmes and personalities as assessed by twelve monthly Gallup Polls.

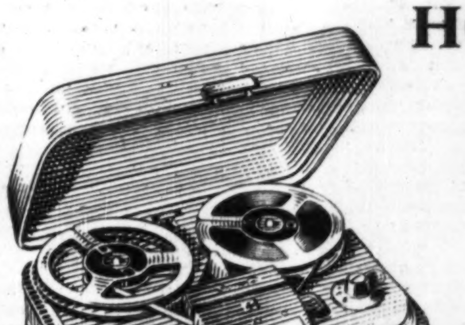
If any viewer were so uncertain of his own likes and dislikes as to require statistical guidance, he would, I fear, be in some confusion. The *Handbook*, of course, went to press some time ago: it could only record that "by the end of March, 1956, some three million adult persons were able to view the ITA programmes in their homes, whereas some sixteen million adults were able to view BBC programmes," and that the viewer who could get both spent two hours with the BBC for every three spent with the ITA.

The speed of the development of television as a whole, and of the advance of ITV, is shown by the figures released by the BBC on the day before the *Handbook* appeared: the total number of adult viewers is now 17,200,000, and of these 5,300,000 can get ITV as well as the BBC. The increase in the number of viewers in six months is thus, absolutely, large (1,200,000, getting on for 50,000 new viewers a week); but the increase in the number of those who can get ITV is nearly twice as great as the increase in the number of those who can get the BBC alone. Moreover, although the BBC is entitled to point out that BBC TV audiences are still "nearly four times as big as those of the ITA," BBC executives who try to comfort themselves with this quantitative superiority must also be aware that, on present showing, it is only temporary:

> But at my back in a cold blast I hear
> The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread
> from ear to ear.

Sir Kenneth and Sir Robert are chuckling; for the honest BBC researchers are bound to add (in their curiously stilted official language) that "those adults who had provided themselves with the means to receive commercial programmes spent 37 per cent. of their time watching BBC and 63 per cent. of their time watching ITA." This is a change indeed from the two-to-three ratio recorded in the *Handbook*.

But—and this is one of the apparent contradictions that too much juggling with figures leads



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G4

one into—the Gallup Poll shows that seven out of its "top ten" programmes and personalities are presented by the BBC, and only three on ITV; and the Gallup Poll is explicitly a test of "popularity," not of "quality," by a highbrow critic's standards. Some of the Gallup Poll winners—Eric Robinson, Eamonn Andrews, *Sunday Night at the London Palladium*—have, in their kinds, great quality indeed; but no disappointed ITV producer could complain that their appeal is to eggheads only.

This contradiction is presumably due to the fact that, as the *News Chronicle* reports, the Gallup Poll was conducted "among the nation's 15 million viewers." If this is so, it is not really, as it claims to be, "the first viewers' view of the way the battle for popularity is going between the two networks." If the Poll's sample had been limited to two-channel homes, the distribution of awards between the BBC and ITV might have corresponded more closely to the BBC's own findings.

The general trend, at any rate, is unmistakeable—and it has a number of important practical implications, which Parliament, the government and the parties will have to consider. The most important is financial. The BBC still strenuously resists the idea that ITV can be TV's Light Programme: it insists on its right and obligation to continue to offer a balanced programme, including ample light entertainment, but also says that "if the BBC is to have elbow-room to carry on the long-term policy of cultivating minority appeal, a second television service is essential"—i.e., a second service under BBC control. Even if the government were to authorise this, it would obviously be an expensive project. One desirable but far less ambitious development, forecast in the *Handbook*, is "again in abeyance," the BBC announces sourly, because the expected Treasury approval was not forthcoming. Last week the Director-General forecast a (financially) "very hard struggle" (yet Mr. Ronald Waldman, referring to light entertainment, said, "No one can outbid us!").

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It seems certain that, flown with popular success, the ITV chiefs will abandon the original argument that their service could be financed out of advertising revenue alone, and will have another go at that £750,000—and perhaps at getting a cut of the licence-fee, too.

TOM DRIBERG

Almost Marilyn

WE hear far, far more of Miss Marilyn Monroe when there's no film in question. Last week saw that rarity, a Monroe film, and with no other press show—whether by design or chance—we had more than enough time to consider it.

In a full week one might have said, Thin, nice, wayward, not a patch, of course, on Judy Holliday. But with all those empty mornings and afternoons round, and the hullabaloo of her visit still fresh, more imposing and more critical words seem needed. I was almost nervous for her appearance, which is artfully delayed a little. This was at a lighted back window, lightly clad, as seen by a sex-starved cowboy. I am told she is more fetching off the screen; which is a pity, because after this orthodox beginning she's only mildly sexy if fair—no, more than fair—fun. Almost at once she does a very funny parody of a cabaret song: being in an audience of cowboys and having to switch on her own effects-lights with her foot. That distant yet at times piercing squawk was, beautifully, not meant for song. In the audience she has two hundred cowboys; one in particular (Don Murray) is not only sex-starved but comes fresh from a life all steers. He jumps up and bellows for silence. Before the evening is out he has numbed her into marriage on the morrow, when the rodeo is at its height.

The rodeo is both comic and, joltingly, real. There are touches of reality, too, in the long bus drive back, the snowstorm, the isolated halt. Only these remove *Bus Stop,* which you will find at the Carlton, from being a musical without the music. Miss Monroe, however, *is* getting on. The full enjoyment of her accent may be denied to all but Americans; but her dumbness, her squawks, her wan solidity, her hazy response to the (here) undoubted male and her totterings when she tries to walk, reveal a fowl of exceptional breed. That she even speaks a language we can all understand surprises. She feminizes. She seems to be herself. Then pathetically, to make for a whooping end, she must act. That's not so good. She should go on forever seeming to be herself, damn the consequences. In her perfect film the hero would be left at the standing because she had been thinking of something or someone else all the time.

At the Academy will be found an old Pagnol film: how old it would be tantalising to guess; Marguerite Moreno died five years ago, and 3,000 francs is mentioned as a considerable sum. Age doesn't as a matter of fact so much matter. Those sentimentalists who dote on Pagnol will find here a protracted anecdote, redolent of the south. The rest of us may sit awkwardly between two stools: not the best kind of cinema stall. *Harvest* does delve into a landscape and elemental lives, does revive in us a longing for French oddity and endless talk and nights warm enough in spring for sleeping out; but in a London cinema, the slowness and staginess of the thing counterbalance. Not only does Pagnol employ a dozing camera and a droning sound-track, in which everyone must speechify and even the soliloquy is not out of question. But the romance or reality of earthiness has aberrations. Fernandel, for example, in a secondary part is more attuned to vaudeville. The central thread of a ruined village, with one "savage" (Gabriel Gabrio) remaining who gets him a woman (Orane Demazis) and starts growing wonderful corn would be more affecting if it were less prolonged. But Pagnol must have his say, must import his stage lights; and we are both touched and bored. Talk, move on, talk, move on: it's a sort of travelling theatre. However, for those who hark more than they look, there can be only one Pagnol.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Apollo Society, at the Royal Festival Hall

Walter de la Mare must be one of the trickiest of all poets to read aloud. Full-blooded poets—Yeats and Dylan Thomas are examples—can stand a little hamming. A poet who is all echoes, hints, and hesitations, who believes always in "leaving the rest unsaid," is ruined by the slightest over-emphasis or touch of staginess. Last Sunday at the Royal Festival Hall the Apollo Society devoted the first half of an evening of poetry and music to de la Mare. The readers were Miss Margaret Rutherford and Mr. Christopher Hassall. Miss Rutherford's feyness and quirkiness, her queer gift for gruff pathos, exactly suit poems like "The Mocking Fairy" and "Nicholas Nye," but in "straight" poems she is sometimes inclined a little too strenuously to "act" the meaning rather than let it speak for itself. Mr. Hassall, one of the most accomplished readers of poetry in England, is never in the least actor-like in this sense; yet as he moves from the sinisterness of "John Mouldy" through the lovely simplicity of "An Epitaph" to the condensed Hamlet-quality of "Song of the Mad Prince" he seems, chameleon-like, to transform voice and personality. For sheer virtuosity in handling light, leaping rhythms his most startling single reading was perhaps that of "Three Jolly Farmers." Mr. Ossian Ellis's incidental harp music, thin and clear, seemed exactly the background that de la Mare needs. The second half of the programme gave both readers a chance with other poets and both, surprisingly, seemed happiest with D. H. Lawrence. The de la Mare part of the programme certainly ought to be done again to a larger audience.

G. S. F.

Correspondence

BLOCKBUSTER

SIR,—It did not occur to Critic any more than to those of us who have been studying the Labour Party constitution and standing orders that the party could possibly have been in breach of its own rules for many years; that the block vote does not constitutionally exist and that all decisions reached by card vote are probably invalid.

Standing Order No. 3. (Voting) reads as follows:—

> "Voting at the Annual Party Conference shall be by cards on the following bases:—
>
> (a) National and Constituency Organisations:
>
> One voting card for each 1,000 members or part thereof on whom affiliation fees were paid for the year ending December 31 preceding the conference.
>
> (b) Federations and Central Labour Parties: One voting card each."

"One voting card for each 1,000 members or part thereof" . . . it can mean nothing other than what it says and, in particular, cannot possibly mean "The votes to which an organisation is entitled shall be written on a single card." Yet that is what happens. It seems that what was perhaps thought to be a minor economy or convenient administrative change in earlier days has conditioned the development of the Labour movement and has probably changed the course of history. *The effect has been to take away from affiliated organisations the decision of whether or not to cast their votes as a block*; to establish the card vote as a block vote; to impose the block vote by making it impossible for the card vote to be cast in any other way. The strange thing about this discovery is that for so many years we have all been prepared to accept an interpretation which is not only against the letter of the rule but against its spirit and against common sense. Trade unions have permitted free hand votes for years but have tamely accepted the proposition that when a card vote is called for they must either take a majority decision or abdicate by abstention.

It seems clear that in future affiliated organisations must be provided with "one voting card for every

1,000 members or part thereof." The effect will not be to change the balance of power between trade unions and constituency parties. The effect may be gradually to break down the monolithic conception of the *political* function of trade unions which now appears to have been almost accidental in origin.

HUGH JENKINS

25 Westmoreland Terrace, S.W.1.

THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL

SIR,—One striking feature of the effort to "overcome the cult of the individual and its consequences" now being made by an important section of the Soviet Communist Party is the serious re-examination of the party's history that is under way. Already a number of well-documented articles have appeared in the *Communist, Problems of History* and other periodicals, traversing episodes in the pre-revolutionary period, during 1917, the Civil War and the Second World War; the demolition has begun of that edifice of lies about Stalin's role which Beria founded in 1935 with his lecture booklet *On the History of the Bolshevik Organisations in Transcaucasia.*

Other Communist parties, too, including the British, are giving attention to their respective histories in the light of the 20th Congress revelations. It is to be hoped that among these separate national investigations the history of the Communist International will not escape scrutiny. Many crucial moments in the record of individual Communist parties can be understood only against the background of the highly centralised and disciplined international organisation, dominated by the Soviet Communist Party, to which they all belonged until its dissolution in 1943.

While the leaders of the Soviet Communist Party obviously have a certain amount of justification when they point to the victory of Hitler in Germany in 1933 as a factor making possible the establishment of Stalin's dictatorship in Russia in the immediately following years, there remains something more to be said on this score. Were not the Soviet Communists, through the Comintern, to some degree responsible for the victory of Hitler—owing to the policy pursued, under their guidance, by the German Communist Party?

One of the events which helped to clear Hitler's path to power was the so-called "Red Referendum" in Prussia, held on August 9, 1931. Initiated by the reactionary ex-servicemen's organisation, the Stahlhelm, with the backing of the Nazi and Nationalist Parties, the purpose of this referendum was to force the resignation of the Social-Democratic government of this province which embraced the greater part of Germany. It received the epithet by which it is generally known when the Communist Party decided to support it. Communists and Nazis campaigned and voted together against the Social-Democrats. Most people expected that they would poll the necessary majority; when the result showed them to be some three million votes short of it, the explanation generally believed was that that number of electors who usually voted Communist had on this occasion felt unable to obey the party's call. The effect of the affair was, nevertheless, to dig a gulf deeper than ever before between Communists and Social-Democrats.

Now this was no domestically conceived prank of the German Communists. An editorial in the *Communist International* written on the eve of the referendum hounded them on. "There is at present not the slightest doubt that if French imperialism is now the chief danger to the revolution from the outside, Social Democracy is the chief menace to the German revolution within the land. We must seize Social Democracy by the throat. . . ." After quoting Stalin on the need to direct the main blow against the Social-Democrats, the writer declared that "in no country does the development of the revolutionary crisis depend so much upon the rate at which the mass basis of Social Democracy is destroyed as in Germany." Not a word in the article about the Nazis—instead, the confident assertion that "the path taken by the national movement in Germany against the Versailles system and for bread, freedom and liberty, is clearly the road to proletarian revolution."

The establishment of Stalinism cannot be understood without taking into account the victory of Hitlerism; but that, in turn, cannot be understood without taking into account the policy of the Comintern. The chain of cause and effect passes through Berlin, but it returns to Moscow in the end.

MARXIST

THE TWO CULTURES

SIR,—May I, as a middle-aged chemist who rather wishes he had become an explorer or an architect, stick my oar in? Dr. C. P. Snow implies obliquely that scientists are a pretty mixed lot, and Mr. Dulley warns us against treating them as a race apart. Neither, however, seems to me to emphasise enough that the crack between the scientist and the non-scientist is superficial and shallow compared with some of the other fissures that divide mankind, or that scientists differ among themselves as much as, say, Dylan Thomas and Father Huddleston.

Among the scientists, the most obvious line of division seems to be that between the ends-men and the means-men, and this is in all probability simply the continuation across the scientific sector of the fissure dividing the saint, the poet, the business-empire builder from the executive, the Q.C., the virtuoso. Any worker in the sciences is probably familiar with the two types—the one interested primarily in results and their significance, rather bored by the drudgery of research, very willing to let someone else suffer it; the other the glutton for brute facts, the constructor of staggeringly ingenious devices, who is often a little impatient of the questions: what is that gadget for, or what does this *mean*? I trust that the second class will forgive my saying that most of the really great scientists seem to have belonged to the first. (Rutherford is said to have relied when he could on biscuit boxes, sealing wax and string.)

However, it is no good pretending that there isn't some little thing that distinguishes scientists and that they have in common. I think it is a pronounced preference for statements that are plain and unambiguous, and a distrust of those multi-storey ones whose meaning depends on how one takes them. (Incidentally, "feline and oblique" doesn't seem to mean quite the same thing to Dr. Snow and to Mr. Dulley.) Hence the rarity of the scientist who really enjoys poetry. Hence Lord Rutherford on metaphysics. Hence the admission I heard recently from the lips of a young brilliant F.R.S. that he was "quite happy with classical relativity" but couldn't follow "this metaphysical stuff."

Finally Dr. Snow could have supported his thesis that education is incompatible with complete scientific ignorance by quoting Robert Boyle on medical science (ca. 1680): "It is highly dishonourable for a reasonable soul to live in so divinely built a mansion as the body it resides in, altogether unacquainted with the exquisite structure of it."

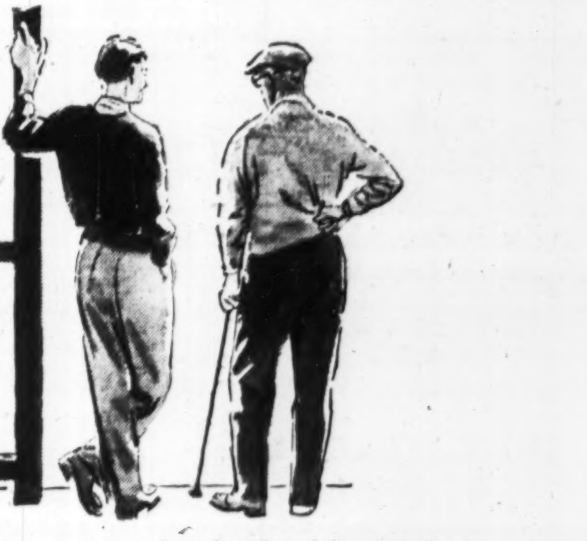
H. J. WALLS

32 Royal Park,
Bristol 8.

UNDER-DEVELOPED CANADA

SIR,—In your issue of October 13, Mr. Crossman states, "There is no protection for [Canadian] agriculture, no American 'price supports' or British 'deficiency payments'." This is broadly true, but an exception must be made in the case of dairy products. Under the Agricultural Prices Support Act of 1944, the federal government is permitted to offer price supports for all agricultural products except wheat. The method used may be government purchase, guaranteed prices, or deficiency payments. Since January, 1953, prices for pigs, dried skimmed milk, butter, cheese, eggs and apples have at one time or another been supported under this legislation. At the moment the only commodities which receive effective support are butter and eggs, but, in the case of butter, the support is important in alleviating the effects on dairy farmers of what might otherwise be serious over-production. It is true, however, that this support is of a short-term nature only, and that there are no government commitments to long-term supports.

The prairie wheat farmer, too, is not left entirely unassisted by government action, although the assistance he receives is indeed very slight compared



"As I was saying, you've no idea what that sickness and accident policy meant when I was ill. If I were you I should see the Man from the Prudential. You'll find the local office in the telephone book."

ASK THE MAN FROM THE
PRUDENTIAL

with his American or Australian counterpart. To quote O.E.E.C.'s recent report on Agricultural Policies in Europe and North America, "Direct assistance is provided to western grain farmers suffering losses through crop failure or unavoidable inability to seed crops. This is financed in part by a one per cent. levy on western grain marketed in Canada."

ANNE MARTIN

Agricultural Economics Research Institute,
Oxford.

MYTH IN ACTION

SIR,—Mr. Noel Gee, Director of Public Relations for the N.C.B., criticises in your last issue the statement in Mr. W. John Morgan's article about the *Voice* that: "as a result of its treatment of coalfield affairs the paper, for some reason, no longer receives Coal Board advertising."

The facts are that the *Voice* received quite a number of Coal Board display advertisements until the early summer of 1952. In August, 1952, it was taken over by its present editor. Early in 1956 the Board started an extensive advertising campaign, taking half-page spaces in the evening paper covering the Swansea area and the valleys, and in another weekly paper. It is a little puzzling to know, if there are today no vacancies in the pits in the *Voice's* circulation area, as Mr. Gee states, why extensive advertising was carried out in other papers covering the same area? The *Voice* was excluded from this campaign and we were informed locally at the time that it was excluded because of our treatment of some N.C.B. affairs, including some criticisms of the Board's public relations.

The *Voice* is, of course, nearer to the 19th-century journalism of opinion than are most papers. We have had theatres withdraw advertising because of criticism. We have had as many as six cinemas at a time threaten to withdraw advertising for similar reasons. We have no quarrel with those who withdraw advertising. They have every right to do so, and no duty to feed any hand that bites them. We are therefore very happy to learn that such is not the case with the better-spirited National Coal Board.

South Wales Voice. CLAUD MORRIS

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TANGANYIKA NATIONAL UNION

SIR,—At the top of page 438 in your issue of October 13, the following statement is made: "Julius Nyerere is President of the Tanganyika African National Union, which . . . has a membership of 100,000."

This is a categorical statement by you about the number of his supporters. It does not say that 100,000 is the number claimed by him. I should be very interested to know what evidence there is for this figure.

In my experience, both colonial newspapers and trade unions are apt to claim large numbers of supporters, but when these are translated into *paid-up* supporters the numbers rapidly diminish.

G. F. SAYERS

Conservative Research Department,
24 Old Queen St.,
S.W.1.

[The Tanganyika African National Union is not a trade union but a political organisation, which insists that the subscription is paid at the time of enrolment. Whether or not members are "paid up" is therefore an irrelevant question; but as far as we know nobody responsible doubts the present membership it claims—not even the Colonial Office.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"SWING OF THE SEA"

SIR,—Your reviewer, Mr. G. S. Fraser, makes play in his notice (Oct. 13) with Mr. Lawrence Durrell's phrase—

> Out of the swing of the
> Swing of the sea

"The swing of the/Swing of the sea," says Mr. Fraser, "is a device I have seen used elsewhere *once only* by Mr. Bernard Spencer in *Delos*:

> . . . with the rush of
> The impetus and fling of waves."

I feel one ought to encourage Mr. Spencer, whose device appears to be to write his own words, as against Mr. Durrell, whose device (not unknown in contemporary poetry) is to stutter the words of another poet: in this case Manley Hopkins, as I presume your reviewer knows. But has he never read James Stephens?

38 Church Square, PATRIC DICKINSON
Rye, Sussex.

JOHN BERGER

SIR,—I shall miss John Berger's reviews very much; and by way of a toast to his "sabbatical" I should like to amend his figures. He sold a fourth copy of the "New Statesman"—to me. After a gift subscription expired, I renewed it largely on the basis of Mr. Berger's sensitive and intelligent comments on the works of art he reviewed.

I generally disagreed with him, however. Which is to say that while I agreed with him in theory (save for the political) I usually disagreed with him in practice (and usually on account of the political conclusion or inference).

His farewell article is a case in point. He seems to be up to something very important to him; and while all this is communicated with somewhat dramatic overtones, it conveys to his battle report-like statements a sense of urgency and immediacy that may have more currency in reality than I suspect. Modern painting is certainly hobbled by its intrinsic passivity. But when this observation is wedged between somewhat contradictory statements, as I shall point out, my enthusiasm for Mr. Berger undergoes its usual mitosis. He says, for instance, that he takes it "for granted that an artist's political opinions may have little do do with his work." Then he reflects on "the ultimate passive helplessness of *laissez-faire* (that is, abstract expressionism née capitalism)." And he then reverses his field, or so it seems to me, by concluding the article thus: "And every extension of a person's awareness is a political fact." Then the artist's awareness, extended through his sensibility, is also a political fact, is it not?

If Mr. Berger can understand the incipient relationship of aesthetics and politics in the formulative consciousness of the artist, it is difficult to see why he contradicts himself this way. I suspect that part of the trouble lies in the fact that his estimation of the artist's social responsibility has not made peace with the responsibility of the artist to himself and to a deeper proposition neither explicitly social nor individual. Perhaps, the artist's political opinions *do* have something to do with his art, even after we acknowledge how difficult and usually pointless it is to attempt to relate what a painter says to what he paints. But I mean the opinion implicit in the construction of the work, in the native disposition of a talent to paint in the specific way it does. Certainly Rouault's piety enters into his plastic conceptions and is *there* as his forms are realised. Only then does the painting's relations to society follow. I wonder if Mr. Berger has become enmeshed in the argument about "utility" and art.

Mr. Berger may have a personal struggle "within." And yet this has been precisely the stuff that has made his comments so meaty, so much in the present and in the thick of things. He begins to resemble what John Dewey called "the live creature." And I have thoroughly enjoyed reading him.

SIDNEY TILLIM

166 E. 96th St., New York, 28.

THE ARAB-ISRAELI WAR

SIR,—May I, in fairness to the author, comment on Mr. John Freeman's very appreciative review of Major Edgar O'Ballance's *The Arab-Israeli War, 1948*? That Major O'Ballance should have made detailed acknowledgments to the published works he consulted is true; and both he and we much regret that he did not. It is quite untrue, however, that he is guilty of plagiarism, or that he has "lifted large chunks" from earlier works. These charges cannot be substantiated.

CHARLES MONTEITH

Faber and Faber, Ltd.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

SIR,—The cooking of meat enclosed in pastry is a specifically English form. The traditional secret is that each sort of meat should be cooked with pastry made of the fat of the meat enclosed, thus ensuring that both cook at the same time. Pork pies, for instance, are made with lard pastry, Cornish pasties with beef or mutton fat according to the meat enclosed. I have known a Cornish housewife, making the best pasties I ever tasted, who put beef dripping in the pastry for the crust, and butter on the meat inside to keep the pastry moist and fresh. The whole point is this: clarified meat fat makes a strong pastry which after an hour in a moderate oven will be crisp, crumbly and rich, and which will colour slowly without any need of paper covering.

The meat must be good. You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Frozen meat will be rubbery, no matter what is done to it. Shin of beef, now commonly sold as stewing steak, will never soften either with long or slow cooking. It is possible to make it edible, that is all. The rump steak for a pie should be cut fresh from a carcase of a locally killed beef which has been hung in the normal temperature for at least four days. Any butcher who knows his job can supply this, and will if he thinks you know. Of course, he will exploit the mug—all tradesmen do; and we are all mugs on one subject or another, for nobody can know everything. But food is important.

Finally, it is not the job of the writer of a cookery book to pander to the financial misfortune or the lack of leisure of her readers, or to their anti-British prejudices. It is the job of that writer to print recipes which are correct and which enable the reader to understand clearly the processes described. If the reader does not *want* to do these things, if she thinks butter classier than beef dripping, or French cooking better than English, or beefsteak pudding improved by the addition of mushrooms, hard-boiled eggs and flaky pastry—as one French cook recommends—that is no business of mine. I undertook to write of traditional cooking, learnt at grandmother's knee, to rescue from oblivion the true principles cf our cuisine. This correspondence has taught me how essential it is to do so.

Molash, MARY AYLETT
nr. Canterbury.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Scholars Sacred and Profane

MR. ALLEGRO, who is professor of Comparative Semitic Philology at Manchester University, is one of the group of scholars who have been working on the Dead Sea scrolls in the Palestine Museum in Jordan. He deciphered the copper scrolls which were recently opened in Manchester, and he has deciphered and published a commentary on Nahum, which has turned out to be of great interest. As archaeologist and resident student, he has come to know Jordan well, and his important and fascinating book* is full of new information about the finding and the early adventures of the scrolls. His account of the difficulties and dangers of gaining access to and searching the Dead Sea caves is the first that has done real justice to the strangeness of this recent exploit, which has suddenly brought to light a whole library of pre-Christian texts as well as a number of documents from the second Jewish revolt of A.D. 135. The book is vividly written, and it covers a good deal of ground in a lucid and compact way. It is illustrated with 42 new photographs.

Before going on to describe the contents of Professor Allegro's book, a word ought perhaps to be said about the author's preliminary broadcasts and the somewhat confused controversy which followed them. In these broadcasts, delivered last January, Mr. Allegro gave his audience what is now seen to have been a kind of preview of his book. In the course of them, he definitely identified the Wicked Priest and Man of Lies who figures in the Dead Sea literature as Alexander Jannaeus, the hated priest-king of the Jews, who reigned for 26 years in the first century before Christ, and he spoke of the probability of Jannaeus' having driven out of Jerusalem the somewhat heretical sect who founded, on the shores of the Dead Sea, the recently excavated monastery, and to whom the scrolls must have belonged. We know from these manuscripts that the leader of this dissident sect was a figure who is referred to as the Teacher of Righteousness, and Professor Allegro regarded it as probable that, after driving out the sect from Jerusalem, Jannaeus descended on the Dead Sea retreat and crucified this Teacher of Righteousness. It seemed likely, from their practices, their words and their presence in that locality, that John the Baptist and Jesus had some sort of connection with the sect, and it had already been suggested that the Teacher was a kind of precursor of Jesus. The sect was expecting a Messiah, and there is a theory that they were looking forward to the return of their dead leader in this role. If the Teacher of Righteousness was crucified, there would seem to be an obvious parallel between his career and Jesus's as well as—what the texts establish—a good deal in common between Christian doctrine and the doctrine of the Dead Sea sect. Mr. Allegro called attention to this. "For most of us," he said, "these events will associate themselves automatically with the betrayal and crucifixion of another Master, living nearly a century later."

These broadcasts were followed by a brief article about them in *Time* magazine—an article based partly on the script of the broadcasts and partly on an interview with Mr. Allegro. The interview was somewhat misquoted, and in any case it was impossible from the article to make out what had been discovered or what Mr. Allegro's ideas were. This article had, however, the result of arousing Père Roland de Vaux, the Dominican archaeologist who is supervising the work on the Jordanian scrolls, to write a letter to the London *Times,* protesting that there was nothing in the yet deciphered documents to indicate that the Teacher had been crucified or to warrant other statements of Allegro's. The letter was signed, also, by four of his and Allegro's colleagues, three of them Catholic priests. Later on there appeared in the *Tablet* three articles by another priest, Father Geoffrey Graystone, a Marist, who has already written a book on the scrolls, dated from Rome (published in the United States but not yet in England), and who sounds as if he had entered the controversy as an official spokesman for the Vatican. The line Father Graystone takes is to pooh-pooh the striking parallels between the doctrine and practice of the sect and those of Christianity, and to point out their many divergences, which nobody has ever denied. One of these articles—called *The Mind of Mr. Allegro*—though it dealt only with Allegro's broadcasts—seemed designed to discredit his book in advance. Father Graystone accepted as authoritative the *Times* letter of Père de Vaux and a protest by one of de Vaux's colleagues, the American Monsignor Skehan, of the Catholic University in Washington. He reassures his Catholic readers by telling them that at least half the Jordanian team that is working on the scrolls are Catholics and that the Vatican has just contributed £5,000 to the work of deciphering these documents—which means that £5,000 worth of them will ultimately go to the Vatican library.

Now, it does seem to me somewhat unfortunate that Mr. Allegro should have delivered these broadcasts and given this interview to the reporter from *Time* before he had published his book or the texts from which certain of his conclusions were drawn. If it is true that, among the scholars who have interested themselves in the scrolls, the churchmen have sometimes fought shy of their evident importance to the history of the origins of Christianity, claiming to see no connection, and reluctant to discuss the subject, it would appear that, on the other hand, the scholars with no clerical commitments have been tempted to set forth their conjectures with an enthusiasm that sometimes loses sight of the evidence. The situation with these secular scholars is that they have suddenly had set ajar for them the door to a chapter of history that has hitherto been very obscure—that is, to the religious developments that preceded and prepared for the Christian Gospels. They are free, as the ordained scholars—sometimes Protestant and Jewish as well as Catholic—do not always seem to be, to piece a story together, to speculate on what must have happened. If—as in the case of Allegro and the French scholar Dupont-Sommer—they are endowed with historical imagination, they may leave with the layman who knows nothing of the subject the impression that a scholar's hypothesis is a statement of recorded facts, and in a situation such as this it is easy for the clerical opponent to discredit in the mind of this layman an Allegro or a Dupont-Sommer by pointing out that the evidence is not conclusive. This trick has been performed again and again. It enables the clerical scholar to produce an impression of authority without ever coming to grips with the hypothesis or providing an explanation which really takes account of the data. Thus, in the case of the Allegro broadcasts, it is possible that the ordinary listener might have supposed that the whole story of the Dead Sea sect, the Wicked Priest and the Teacher of Righteousness, as told by Professor Allegro, was to be found in the Dead Sea scrolls. Actually, it was put together from the passages about Jannaeus in Josephus and from various hints in the manuscripts. It is a construction by Mr. Allegro, and, as he said in his reply to the Jerusalem letter, he never meant to present it as anything else. He usually made it plain (as does not appear in the interview for *Time*), that the events he was describing were "probable." Yet he did, it seems to me, make one serious error. He stated in such a way as to suggest that this was somewhere recorded that "the scattered community of the sect"—"when the Jewish king had left and peace descended once more"—"took down the broken body of the Master, to stand guard over it until the Judgment Day." This was suggested, to be sure, by a document which Mr. Allegro was not authorised to quote. But, again, it is merely a conjecture, a stroke of the historical imagination.

This assertion which, more than anything else, has laid Professor Allegro open to attack, has been wisely omitted from his book, and the author here tells his story in such a way as to make it clear that it does consist mainly of conjectures. I am not sure, however, that even here he ought not to have been a little more explicit in indicating, clue by clue, the steps by which the episodes have been reconstructed. What he gives us is a connected narrative which he allows himself to animate and colour. We find him, for example, writing of the final confrontation of the Teacher of Righteousness and the Wicked Priest:

> The scene as these two priests faced one another must have been dramatic enough. The one haughty and proud, scarred by the wounds of many battles, and the ravaging of a lifetime of greed and lechery, the other, white-robed and saintly, gazing scornfully on his enemy, secure in his simple trust in God and the hope of resurrection to eternal life.

But we do know from a Dead Sea text that the Wicked Priest, at some point, appeared to the Teacher of Righteousness and his followers, "to confound them and to make them stumble on the day of fasting." There is also a reference to "the house of his exile." The residence of the sect in the monastery is dated by the coins that have been found in it, and this date is exactly right for the identification of the

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* *The Dead Sea Scrolls*. By JOHN M. ALLEGRO. *Penguin Books*. *3s. 6d.*

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

Wicked Priest with Alexander Jannaeus. We know from Josephus that Jannaeus was execrated and feared by the Jews, and that he did not hesitate to crucify them. We know from the Nahum commentary on which Professor Allegro has been working and a column of which he has published in the June issue of the *Journal of Biblical Literature*, that the sect, in some connection, had been outraged by crucifixion—though there were evidently more than one victim—and that this seems to have had something to do with the activities of a "Lion of Wrath," who is assumed by Professor Allegro to be Alexander Jannaeus, the Wicked Priest. We know from the same source that someone whose name ends in characters that would seem to imply the last two syllables of Demetrius "sought to enter Jerusalem." Now, Josephus relates that, in this conflict with Jannaeus, the Jews called in the Greek king Demetrius III, but, as soon as they had conquered, abandoned him, and partly joined forces with Alexander, "moved by compassion for his reverse of fortune." Mr. Allegro believes that this situation may possibly be explained by Demetrius's thus having attempted to enter Jerusalem. The Jews, having suffered from Antiochus Epiphanes, did not want another Greek king there, and so, having crushed Jannaeus, would have made common cause with the other Jews who had been fighting on the side of the tyrant. As for the Teacher of Righteousness, we know he was persecuted, and there are several indications that he died a martyr's death. There is, however, no actual evidence to show that he was crucified. The mention of crucifixion in the fragmentary Nahum commentary may not refer to him. Mr. Allegro does not assert the contrary. "One might surmise," however, he writes, "that the sectarians had particular cause to recall this activity of Jannaeus, since their Master had suffered the same cruel death, the recognised punishment of a rebel."

I have gone into this question at length—though it occupies only one chapter of Professor Allegro's book—because it has attracted so much attention in connection with the Allegro broadcasts and, now that his book has appeared, is certain to attract more. The hypothesis in itself is a plausible, a brilliant one. Mr. Allegro has added to it the suggestion that we now know the name of the Teacher. The writers of the Dead Sea sect invoke the authority of Zadok, and refer to themselves as the Sons of Zadok. It has been supposed by some scholars that this Zadok is the Biblical priest who is supposed to have anointed Solomon. But Mr. Allegro has found in the copper scroll recently examined in Manchester a reference to Zadok's tomb in connection with the burial of treasure, which seems to make it probable that the Zadok in question was someone more recently dead. It is Mr. Allegro's idea that the Zadok of the sect was the Teacher.

For the rest, Mr. Allegro is excellent on the complicated subject of the Old Testament texts that have been found among the Dead Sea manuscripts. Some of them coincide with the classical Hebrew; others with the Greek Septuagint; others with the Greek revision supposed to have been made by the Jews in the interest of rendering the Septuagint less susceptible to Christian exploitation. Other texts of the Pentateuch follow the Samaritan version, and show that this is really ancient, as the Samaritans have always claimed. In any case, these documents make it clear that a variety of Biblical texts were—at least up to A.D. 70—simultaneously in circulation. By printing in parallel columns the same passages in various versions, Mr. Allegro illustrates their differences. In connection with the New Testament parallels, he emphasises the evident continuity between the belief of the Dead Sea sect that the world was coming to an end and that they were living in a period of trial, on the eve of a critical battle between what are called in their literature the Children of Darkness and the Children of Light, and the conviction of Jesus that, in casting out devils, he is preparing for the Kingdom of God. "'Thy Kingdom come'," says Allegro,

> is no vague hope for the morrow, but a cry of anguish from the bottom of a tortured soul for the end of the Age, a release from the spiritual battle which the new age of Light and goodness would bring. "Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil" is the plea of a soul battling within itself, as the powers of darkness begin to pit their strength against an awakened conscience.

One of the most significant of the recent finds has been a manuscript of so-called *Testimonia*, which Mr. Allegro has also edited and which he is about to publish. The quotations from Old Testament scripture that occur in the New Testament do not always correspond with any text that has been known hitherto, and there has long been a theory that there must have existed from the beginning of the Christian Church "collections of Old Testament quotations"—to quote from Professor Allegro—"which were used by the fathers in debate and teaching." Now we find that the scribes of the Dead Sea sect also changed and combined quotations to suit their Messianic purpose, and there has even turned up, among this pre-Christian literature, a collection of Messianic testimonies of the kind which is supposed to have been used by the Christians.

EDMUND WILSON

The Soldier Campion

(for Josephine aged seven)

Campion so small and brave
Shaking in the Cornish wind
Guard the lady well whose arms
Shine upon your shield.

When below your hill you see
The banners of an army come
Cry out with your little voice
And growl upon your little drum.

The ragged robin at your side
Shall your gallant sergeant be
And the elver in the pool
Your admiral upon the sea.

Campion red upon your hill
Shaking in the Cornish gale
Guard the lady for whose sake
I have written down this tale.

W. S. GRAHAM

The Golden West

America and the British Left. By Henry Pelling. *Black.* 18*s.*

In 1785 Richard Price described the United States as "the fairest experiment ever tried in human affairs." Sixty years later Lovett, the Chartist, saw in America "a beacon to cheer and animate the friends of human rights and equal laws." In the twentieth century, however, the United States became the home of "predatory capitalism," its democratic system tottering on the brink of Fascism. Miss Jennie Lee wrote in 1934: "It is Fascism, not Socialism, which is most likely to overtake the American masses." Cripps thought the same in 1935: "Short of some miracle, the triumph of Fascism must be expected." Even now, which of us on the Left could say, hand on heart, that in a conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union our undivided sympathy would be with the United States? Here is a splendid theme for the historian: the long process by which America ceased to be an inspiration for Radicals and became instead sometimes a warning, sometimes even a danger to be feared.

Henry Pelling brings us some illumination. Most books are too long. His is too short. He gives us only a single quotation where we need a dozen to recapture the atmosphere of the times. His treatment is episodic: snapshots of the topics that interest him. Then the light is turned off, and we jump over a decade or so to the next story. For instance, despite the sub-title, there is nothing about Bright's campaign on behalf of the Union during the American civil war, none of the great phrases in which Bright hailed America as the home of liberty, not even the more prosaic argument that, as America was destined to be the greatest of all Powers, we should do well to be on her side. Again, a more serious omission, Mr. Pelling skips over President Wilson's activities as a peace-maker. Certainly he discusses in detail the conflict between the British Labour party and the A.F.L., or in personal terms between Arthur Henderson and Samuel Gompers, over "peace without victory." But he drops the story at the end of 1918, and Woodrow Wilson remains off-stage. This loses an essential element. English Radicals from Massingham to George Lansbury retained high faith in Wilson until well on in 1919; and it was their disillusionment after the peace of Versailles which drove them into the arms of Moscow. Wilson's failure, it seems to me, was one of the key-events in the twentieth century. The prestige of American idealism was irretrievably damaged; and ever since, America has been intellectually on the defensive, except during the last few years of F. D. Roosevelt.

Of course there have been other aspects, and Mr. Pelling brings them out well. The domestic set-up in America has been important even when she has played no active part in foreign affairs. In the later nineteenth century the United States was a whipping-boy for English Conservatives, displaying the democratic evils of "the caucus" and political corruption. Joseph Chamberlain was accused, not altogether unjustly, of being a politician cast on the American model. Things changed when British Radicals turned Socialist. America now became "capitalist" where she had previously been "democratic." Emerson and Thoreau were left on the shelves; and English people read instead Jack London (author of "the best revolutionary novel" according to Harry Pollitt) and Upton Sinclair. Mr. Pelling brings out the interesting point that the Labour Representation Committee came into existence in 1900 partly to defend the trade unions against the American Trust system which was supposed to be spreading to England. On the other hand, the change was not all one way. Some small groups in America were more revolutionary than anything in England; and their influence spread back across the Atlantic. The translations of Marx's writings which circulated in England

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ALLEN & UNWIN

before 1914 had all been printed in Chicago; Daniel De Leon had followers in Glasgow; and the revolt at Ruskin College in 1909 which led to the founding of the Labour College movement was of American inspiration. Mr. Pelling might have found room for British sympathy with the "Wobblies," which, if it did nothing else, stirred a lyric impulse in G. D. H. Cole. That once-famous refrain, "We'll hang Jimmy Thomas on a sour apple-tree," was of American, not Russian, parentage.

The big break came at the end of the first world war. Wilson's failure counted for much; but there was also the extraordinary divergence that the American Socialist movement went down just when the British Labour movement came up. American writers do not make enough of this cleavage; and British writers, themselves out of sympathy with Labour, follow suit. Henry Pelling has written on the origins of the Labour party, and he ought to know better. Every democratic country in Europe has had a strong Social Democratic party for the last fifty years. In the United States a Labour party does not exist. This makes America as puzzling and remote for us in its way as Soviet Russia. One cannot blame them for not having a Labour party if they do not want one—the temptation to follow their example is sometimes almost irresistible. But until they have a strong Labour party, how can we regard the United States as a country like England or France or Germany? My own view is that it is a very peculiar place. Henry Pelling, however, gives the impression that, despite his previous writings, he finds the Labour party peculiar. He writes much as a cultivated Roman senator might have done about the early Christians. His book is fascinating, full of new information and new angles. But it makes me feel that Mr. Pelling's loyalty is with "the American century" rather than with the good old cause.

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Roman Tales. By ALBERTO MORAVIA. Selected and translated by ANGUS DAVIDSON. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Endurance, physical and spiritual, seems to be one of the obsessions of our age. Haunted by Belsen and Hiroshima, we steel ourselves by imagining the ultimates of suffering: our unhappy motto is *Be Prepared*. At the lowest level, this impulse finds expression in horror comics, or in the conversation of new recruits to the army. More subtly, it issues in man-against-Nature sagas, Kon-Tiki Expeditions, Bombard Stories, Long Walks. A little more obliquely, it emerges in literary existentialism, the whole range of moods from *Le Malentendu* to *A Certain Smile*. The more modish reaches here have something in common, no doubt, with the famous "disillusion" of the Twenties: but at its most serious, our obsession with endurance has produced very notable works of art. Mr. William Golding, in this country, has shown himself a master of the theme. In *Lord of the Flies*, especially, he pared down to the knuckle that social animal, man, stripping off layer upon layer of human history, revealing unforgettably the value of what was lost. In *Pincher Martin*—a misleading title, for fans of W. W. Jacobs—he carries the process to the limit.

A man is drowning. His ship torpedoed in the North Atlantic, he fights savagely against waves. Bruised, freezing, more dead than alive, he is thrown up on a barren rock. He struggles to survive, with desperate intentness, alone. He drinks rainwater, eats small blobs of sea-jelly, huddles in a crevice in the rock. Crusoe, by comparison, lived in luxury: Pincher Martin has only his will, his intelligence, his broken body, and his feverish half-dreams. Through them, immensely skilfully, Mr. Golding piece by piece reveals Martin's character, his past life, the enormities he has to answer for. And gradually one sees that all his life has pointed to this rock, this existence in the state of nature, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short. This, in fact, is life's revenge on the Hobbesian egotist. How the book ends it would be unfair to reveal. To my mind, the trick ending is a flaw, an unnecessary gimmick: the story would stand triumphantly without it. But even so, *Pincher Martin* is a first-rate novel, shaking and compelling because of its author's deep involvement in a perennial human theme.

At first glance, Geoffrey Cotterell's new novel makes a sad contrast with Mr. Golding's. Its first half, indeed, seems to promise no more than its title—a long, leisurely family chronicle of great readability and little weight. It begins with the fortunes and misfortunes of the Rowlands, a late-Victorian family living through those great events now so tarnished since *Cavalcade*. The story's main thread is the contrast between two sisters: the happy, ordinary Sarah, with a dull husband, plenty of money, and pleasant children—and the unhappy Isabel, a concert pianist *ratée*, with her brief first marriage and the crushing servitude of her second, to a handsome Berlin adventurer. So far, so good: the period atmosphere is brilliantly caught, the characters rounded and living, the story sufficiently exciting. The surprise comes in part two, where the narrator's viewpoint switches to that of David, Sarah's seventeen-year-old son, in Berlin in 1936 visiting his Aunt Isabel. Suddenly, with an adroitness that makes one admire in retrospect Mr. Cotterell's tone hitherto, we're plunged into Isherwood's Berlin. David, in fact, might almost be Herr Issyvoo—except that he's a few years late and rather more perceptive of his ambivalent reactions to the Nazis. This part of the story, in fact, could only have been written today. It raises *The Strange Enchantment* from the library level of its first part, and reveals the whole novel as a very successful socio-psychological study, as well as an engaging exercise in style.

After the success of *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, Pierre Boulle's new book is something of a disappointment. It's almost as if he'd decided to specialise in the "irony" his critics had praised so lavishly. In *Saving Face*, a young Northern lawyer is appointed Public Prosecutor of a district in Provence well-known for its public corruption. Lying on the banks of the Rhone with his sleeping fiancée, he witnesses an accidental drowning; but, guilty at having made no attempt at rescue, he keeps quiet. Murder is suspected, and the finger falls on the wastrel son of a local notable. All the forces of corruption combine to hinder the prosecution; and the Public Prosecutor finds himself opposing them to bring the "murderer" to "justice." As you see, all the elements of a fascinating novel have been assembled; and the translation has served the author very well. But M. Boulle shows his hand too early, and scarcely explores the real moral depths of his story.

Roman Tales is a selection from Moravia's *Racconti Romani*, most of which were originally written for publication in the Italian press. All are told in the first person by Roman workingmen—men of very different types and trades, but all endowed, as their author has confessed elsewhere, with his own gift of articulacy. Some of the tales are flimsy, mere vignettes of a way of life—a kind of documentary pastoral which is as popular with middle-class Roman newspaper readers as it is in this country. Others are skilful variants on old themes—the girl from the country, the boastful boy-friend, and so on. But the best of the stories are quite remarkable, both as achievements in their own right—deftly told, subtle, and revealing—and as sketches for Signor Moravia's full-length works. One, in particular, called "Don't Delve Too Deeply", looked to me like a source for *A Ghost at Noon*: in its sidelong exploration of the narrator's lack of manhood, it seemed to delineate one of Moravia's key obsessions, and one that he shares with other Italian authors less prolific and robust.

RICHARD MAYNE

Avalon in Italy

The Golden Ring. The Anglo-Florentines, 1847-1862. By GIULIANA ARTOM TREVES. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

"Italy," wrote Robert Browning to Miss Barrett, "is stuff for the use of the North and no more...." The reference is not to plunder, but to the dearth of poetry in a country wherein the "great wide black eyes of the inhabitants," as he put it, "stare nothing out of the earth that lies before them." A century later, Signora Treves at once confirms and decodes this sentence for us. "In the romantic nineteenth century," she writes, "an ever greater number of artists were attracted by the beauties of this blessed land, but they thoroughly despised the inhabitants who laboured away never lifting an eye to the contemplation of the poetical landscape."

Signora Treves (who is skilfully translated by Mrs. Sylvia Sprigge) has assembled these annals of the English-speaking visitors to Florence not only from the copious memoirs, diaries and letters of the period, but also from material collected during her long association with the Tuscan Society for Risorgimento Studies. Her role throughout is that of *commère* to a not inconsiderable variety show, and as such, her introductory remarks are nowhere permitted to obscure the lustre of the star turn she is presenting. Top billing, as is inevitable, goes to the eccentrics: the members, highly stylised, of an ambulatory Crazy Gang, who arrived in this paradise of exiles and pariahs by barouche or *vettura*, according to circumstance; and in piously bringing their phthisical wives and daughters to winter in a resort alternately scoured by the *tramontana* or blanketed for two months of the year in a thick fog, early and successfully helped to establish the legend that the British were "all mad."

To this legend, the old-established residents lent some convincing local colour; prominent amongst them being Seymour Kirkup, who lived at No. 2, Ponte Vecchio in an apartment choked with prints and manuscripts, and dim with the accumulated dust of half a century. (Signora Treves records that Kirkup attended the burial of Keats at Rome: but was he in fact, as she asserts, also at Viareggio when Shelley's remains were cremated?) With his white locks and threadbare clothes, Kirkup early acquired the reputation of a necromancer: it was not, however until he was 90 that the dark arts of a local Nimuë succeeded in leading to the altar this duped and dishevelled, but unalterably dignified Merlin. The grandeurs and miseries of Landor are, of course, better known: he stands aloft, in the purity of his own great classical manner, while at another level, feet of clay are progressively entangled in the broken shards and fun-fair crockery of domestic disharmony. For all the childish violence of his temperament, he generates respect, however; and Signora Treves is sensible to this innate quality of his, when she refers, not without a certain wryness, to the Englishman's characteristic ability "to engage in a theoretical love of liberty while harbouring a concrete antipathy towards those about to be liberated."

If the later Anglo-Florentines lack something of the grand manner that makes for legend, they possess, in compensation, qualities that foster, across the years, an agreeable sense of personal intimacy. When the American art critic, Jarves, notes, "At Florence I have counted ten men watching an eleventh buy two oranges from a street huckster," not only are we present at the scene itself, but we aspire the very air which breathes through the lines of the memorable *How it Strikes a Contemporary:*

He stood and watched the cobbler at his trade,
The man who slices lemons into drink . . .

The presence of Jarves in Italy was itself an indication of that awakening sense of the need for art "as a visible exponent of their civilisation" which the United States was then newly experiencing. It inspired Horatio Greenough, in Florence, to make a statue of George Washington so big that its transportation presented almost as many problems as the raising of the giant images on Easter Island: the ox-cart could hardly get it through the streets, and the sailing vessel on which it was placed collapsed and sank under its weight. Greenough was succeeded by Hiram Powers, who sold copies of his insipid *Greek Slave* for four thousand dollars apiece; and by W. W. Story, that most genial and vivacious of men, who, in 1852, wrote from Rome: "Every day that I live here I love Italy better and life in America seems less and less satisfactory."

Signora Treves has not seen fit, within the limits of her study, to analyse the nature of the distemper which increasingly, in the nineteenth century, prompted men and women to seek the relief of temporary or permanent self-expatriation. "As we have no past, so Italy seems to have no future," wrote the American, Hillard: and it was, perhaps, with a psychic hunger to assuage that Americans descended on a land so conspicuously ripened by time and tradition alike. With Englishmen, the case was, perforce, different: it was from the stranglehold of tradition that they sought, specifically, to extricate themselves. They were refugees, very often, not from a political but a purely domestic regime of oppression. In certain cases, too, it was some deep-seated sense of inadequacy, social or temperamental, which prompted so many subjects of Victoria to look to the Val d'Arno as to

the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow . . .

There, divorced from the taxes, the climate, the caste-system of England, the victim of an ingrown pride or prejudice found it possible to yield up his defences, and beneath the blue skies and soft graces of this "woman-country," imperceptibly, over the years, to "heal me of my grievous wound."

BETTY MILLER

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Degrees of Confidence

A Lost Paradise. By SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

Of Carriages and Kings. By FREDERICK JOHN GORST. *W. H. Allen.* 16*s.*

One Man . . . Many Parts. By LORD GORELL. *Odhams.* 25*s.*

From Pillar to Post. By ANNE SINCLAIR MEHDEVI. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

American Geisha. By MARION TAYLOR. *Bles.* 21*s.*

It is hard to imagine any occasion on which these authors might have met, by social chance, in the same drawing-room. But, with writers of autobiography, the normal rules of protocol are often reversed. Style apart, a factually eventful life, particularly a successful one in the worldly sense, rarely makes an interesting book. An impressionable story, covering a small and even humble field, frequently does. Prominent theatrical lives are, for evident reasons, quite intolerably tedious on paper; there are no stage stories in this list. But a servant, say, (like Mr. Gorst below) living in the enclosed world of the house, trained to observe but to contain his thoughts, is in a very strong narrative position. So is any member of a small and close community.

A Lost Paradise tells of the early life of the American pianist and musical critic Samuel Chotzinoff. The first glance, admittedly, is not encouraging; here, one might think, is that overplayed exotic, the emotional comedy of the Russian Jewish immigrant family, poor and orthodox, newly settled in an English-speaking land: tears and quarrels, jobs and marriages. Happily, Mr. Chotzinoff is a skilful and attractive writer, lightly avoiding sentiment; and his book is also the story of a musician's beginnings. In such a setting a genuine folk-tale element is not out of place. Take the start of the journey from Vitebsk some sixty years ago. Deceived by fraudulent ticket agents the family landed in London instead of New York. A helpful Jewish society settled then in Whitechapel and there, by systematic questioning, every day for months, of all middle-aged men going to or from work, they finally found a distant vague relation who had left Vitebsk—perhaps for England—some twenty-five years before. This man, by now a prosperous widower, was delighted to acquire so many ready-made relatives, and eventually helped them to New York.

BJPS

The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER 1956

ARTICLES

The Study of the Philosophy of Science	G. J. WHITROW
Towards a Science of Social Relations (II)	G. A. BIRKS
Do Computers Think? (II)	MARIO BUNGE
Some Aspects of Probability and Induction (I)	J. F. BENNETT

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Comment on the Definition of Psychosomatic Disorder	THOMAS SZASZ
Note on Descartes and Psychosomatic Medicine	W. P. D. WIGHTMAN
Psychosomatic Disorder: A Rejoinder to Wightman and Szasz	NIGEL WALKER
Historical Determinism, Social Activism and Predictions in the Social Sciences	ADOLF GRÜNBAUM
The Case for Indeterminism: A Reply to Grünbaum	M. ROSHWALD
Remarks on Popper's Note on Content and Degree of Confirmation	RUDOLF CARNAP
Reply to Professor Carnap	K. R. POPPER
Further Comments on Probability and Confirmation	YEHOSHUA BAR-HILLEL
Adequacy and Consistency: A Second Reply to Dr. Bar-Hillel	K. R. POPPER

REVIEWS

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NELSON

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Samuel, who was bright and bookish, alertly enjoyed each change of fortune. He contracted for piano lessons from a depressed but efficient teacher in a nearby basement; she charged ten cents an hour, discouraged "expression" and never troubled to learn her pupil's name or address. Next, a Madam Zamoshkin offered to teach him, for nothing, by her Freedom Method. "People," observed the generous and voluminous lady, "pay too much attention to *notes.*" A more orthodox musical instructor (politically, an anarchist) did his best—also for nothing—to repair the effects of Madam Zamoshkin. The musical doors stood open—and suddenly, the power of the family was gone. Mr. Chotzinoff writes with tranquil good humour and affection of these far from tranquil days. Even so, the title is a curious one.

Some fifty or sixty years ago, Mr. Gorst began as a page-boy, carrying pitchers of hot milk to the Reverend Mr. Beibetz of St. Aidan's Theological College. He ended as a footman in the Royal service. In the intervening years (as he tells us in *Of Carriages and Kings*) he was a young footman, a single-footman and a first-footman in a number of the large households that have survived into this century. One of these belonged to a gouty squire (here he learnt to drink beer, not tea, for breakfast); another to two querulous bachelor nephews of Mr. Gladstone (who entertained themselves with rat-hunts); a third to Lord Howard of Glossop. Obliged to make a choice, Mr. Gorst took the less expedient but more chivalrous course of supporting Lady Howard in the family divisions. Finally (with a testimonial from Lady Howard) he was engaged by the Duke of Portland as one of the four Royal footmen stationed at Welbeck Abbey when not in service at the Palace. The powder ruined his hair; the food made him put on weight; the miles of stone corridors were troubling to the feet—but, professionally, he could go no higher. Restless again, he left—this time for America. Mr. Gorst, unlike some of his fellows in the craft, preserves a reasonable discretion. His easy, rather modern prose may have not a little to do with the collaborator mentioned on the cover; but behind it we sense the unassailable superior calm of the upper-class servant, seeing all, fostering all whims, and saying (at the time) practically nothing.

One Man . . . Many Parts is an anecdotal ramble over the seventy-odd years of its author's life—years, he says, "of unequalled happiness." Lord Gorell has been a lawyer and an Under-Secretary, a journalist, a poet and a painter; he has worked on many useful committees and is an ardent devotee of Keats. But, autobiographically speaking, he seems never to have quite overcome the accident of his initial advantages to the point of becoming a character in his own right. Perhaps it is odd to find him so basically a conformist where he might be expected to be an original—that is, in his diversions. He joyfully recalls his pranks as an ordinary tiresome schoolboy and the "rags" he took part in at Oxford; while the chapter on big game hunting might well appear to have slipped in from some other man's book.

> After much tracking we found buffalo in a dense patch of bush, and ringed that to windwards with grass fires, and so drove the herd out. . . . It is, indeed, only in a few earthly areas that a private individual can burn 100 square miles of country and no one take the least notice. . . .

One may read this passage two or three times to be sure, but there is no mistake. It is preferable, after all, to read of the author's battles with H. G. Wells (without benefit of bush fires). And there are one or two nice incidents. In the author's childhood a promised treat turned out to be that Father had been made a Judge. Bitterly disappointed, he and his infant brother and sister burst into tears, and had to be consoled with a tip.

Mrs. Mehdevi might seem, at a casual glance, to belong with that brisk band of American wives who write of their domestic misadventures with such determined non-seriousness. But in fact she has a streak of genuine individuality and style. *From Pillar to Post,* like her earlier book about Persia, is very well worth reading. In 1945, as a young romantic American girl, she married a Persian living in New York. Her dream of a homely suburban life with an exotic but commuting spouse, soon vanished. Mahomet had peripatetic tastes, and would choose his current home from a map of the world. (One of the best chapters in the book describes the birth of the author's first child in a Mexican village, with her husband, as so often, a five days' journey away.) But the children, during a pre-school period spent in Spain, began to acquire too readily the national cruelties. It was time to move—but where? We leave the Mehdevis with their faces turned to Persia.

There is something engaging, too, about Mrs. Taylor (*American Geisha*), who writes about a year spent in Japan as an American army officer's wife. She is a nice, good-natured, friendly soul who responds easily to the country's beauty and is determined not to regard the people as being any funnier than herself. Nor do we find her a niminy-piminy falterer when it comes to eating strange meats, attending a wrestling match, or bathing nude in a pool filled with natives of both sexes all apparently very much younger, very much smaller, than herself. "This book," she explains, "is not intended to be anything more than a series of impressions, honestly told, about a land of delicate beauty and charm." Mrs. Taylor's impressions are her own. ("In the background, as usual, smiling with narcissistic content at its own image in the lake, was Mount Fuji. . . .") But she has sensibly supplemented them from handbooks and encyclopædias. Since most of us know nothing at all about these subjects, her factual digressions on Japanese drama, landscape or history give a serviceable light ballast to her gay and agreeable book.

NAOMI LEWIS

Gramophone Records

IT would seem as though Columbia are planning a complete cycle of Beethoven's symphonies conducted by Klemperer, for hard on the heels of his superlative Eroica has now appeared the Seventh Symphony. The orchestra is once again the Philharmonia and their playing is again of a very high order. Klemperer's reading is, of course, wonderfully conceived. He has an extraordinary ability to reveal details that usually go for nothing in so unmannered a way that the work makes its impact as an organic whole. Yet greatly though I enjoyed the majestic fashion in which the introduction is unfolded and the unflustered flow of the scherzo, I must say that I found both the opening and the closing movements just a little too measured. There should surely be a certain dionysiac quality about the finale, and that is lacking here; while the main tempo of the first movement hardly struck me as *vivace.* But if this performance is not quite on a class with the Eroica, it is a most distinguished affair. It will, I think, particularly appeal to those who feel that, since Toscanini, Wagner's remark about the work being an "apotheosis of the dance" has been taken rather too literally. The recording is spacious and has an almost excessively wide dynamic range. I did, however, find a touch of roughness here and there, notably in the recording of the woodwind.

To judge from the electrifying concerts that the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave under Charles

Münch on their recent tour of this country one might suppose that they would be the ideal combination for a performance of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique,* and so in a sense they are. Their HMV recording is an immensely brilliant affair that catches all the fire, *élan* and rhythmic impetus of the music. Above all, Münch's phrasing and feeling for Berlioz's melody is superb. But for all its merits the performance remains a very one-sided interpretation that almost entirely misses the romantic introspection which permeates this music, and the idyllic pastoral opening of the *scène aux champs* goes for very little. Startling though this record indubitably is as an orchestral *tour de force,* some of the effects, as when the harps are put right forward in a manner that would be impossible in a concert hall, are a bit meretricious. Even so, Münch captures the wild abandon in the music, and that is worth a lot. Although in the main the recording is clear and brilliant, it is rather hard and shallow in the bass.

Perhaps one might occasionally wish for steadier tempi and perhaps the andante is really rather slow (although the conductor's superb sense of rhythm enables him to get away with it), but in every other way I thought Beecham's performance of Mozart's Symphony No. 39 in E flat a lovely performance, seductive in its linear grace, sensuous warmth and utter lucidity. The woodwind playing is particularly exquisite in the trio, and the finale is a miracle of unforced grace. But elegant phrasing cannot entirely compensate for the steely, under-nourished tone of the strings. Perhaps Sir Thomas's performance of the Symphony No. 40 in G minor is less wholly satisfying, but it contains a wonderfully tempestuous first movement. I should, however, add that, while for me fascination far outweighs irritation, these are intensely personal performances and listeners' reactions may be equally individual. Both symphonies receive recordings that are only just below the best (the bass is a bit plummy) and are certainly remarkable value on a single Philips disc.

Nothing is easier than to pick holes in any of Mahler's mammoth symphonies. I take it, however, that anyone who is considering buying his *Sixth,* which spreads over two Philips discs and is available in a performance given by the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Eduard Flipse, is an admirer. So I will content myself with saying that for all its faults, notably in the rhetorical finale, this seems to me an underestimated work and one that contains some of Mahler's most deeply imaginative and searching music. The performance, which is that given in the course of the Holland Festival of 1955, is sound rather than eloquent and, as is so often the way with recordings of concert performances, it is in places not well balanced. This is a particularly serious fault here, for the recording—which in addition is of uneven quality—fails to do justice to the fascination of Mahler's polyphonic writing. For enthusiasts only.

Comment is often made on the influence of Mahler on Shostakovitch, but the latter's Tenth Symphony seems to me to owe more in spirit to Tschaikovsky. It is a magnificently eloquent work, at any rate as far as its first two movements go, and it loses nothing in constant rehearsing. There are already two recordings available, but DGG have now issued another made by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra under Karel Ancerl. By a short head this is probably the most satisfying of the three. Ancerl does not get the metallic brilliance of Mitropoulos, yet his performance has a freshness and verve that is perhaps more authentic than the rather over-pressurised and het-up New York reading. If the first movement is less dramatic, Ancerl probes deeper into its essentially Slavonic melancholy, and in the last movement he gets a spontaneous liveliness that makes better sense than do either Mitropoulos or Kurtz of an unsatisfactory finale. The woodwind is not the equal of the Philharmonia on HMV, but the string playing is excellent and except for a little deterioration at the end of the first side, the recording is magnificent.

Philips have recently produced a recording of Shostakovitch's enchanting little Ninth Symphony, played by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York conducted by Efrem Kurtz. This is a deliciously gay and jaunty little work, whose lovely, melodic slow movement makes up for a finale in which the material is a bit thin even for this consummately deft master-hand. The performance is good and the recording clear, if a bit rough in the upper registers. On the reverse of this disc is a polished performance of Prokofiev's rather patchy symphonic suite, *Lieutenant Kijé,* by the same conductor and the R.P.O. The recording is a good deal more spacious and comfortable than that of the Shostakovitch Symphony.

Vox have issued a fascinating disc that contains both Janacek's *Taras Bulba* and his *Sinfonietta,* both well rather than brilliantly played by the Pro Musica Symphony Orchestra of Vienna conducted by Jascha Horenstein. It is fascinating because although *Taras Bulba* was written when Janacek was sixty it is stylistically a curiously immature affair compared to the *Sinfonietta* which came only ten years later. The former is, in spite of fascinating and highly typical passages, largely a rather conventional and over-scored romantic tone poem. The latter shows the composer in the cryptic, explosive, sparse manner of his old age. It is debatable whether this manner is as well suited to a symphonic work as it is to the late operas like *Katya, Cunning Little Vixen* and *From a Prison Camp.* But it is a haunting and deeply original work. If the per-

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THE TIMES
EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT

formance it gets is not quite up to the standard of the Kubelik/Decca recording, it is perfectly adequate, and the disc as a whole should have obvious attractions for devotees of this shamefully under-recorded composer. The recording is decent, and I suspect that any lack of lucidity in *Taras Bulba* is in part the fault of over-elaborate scoring.

Nixa have lost no time in getting Vaughan Williams's Eighth and most recent Symphony on a well-recorded ten-inch disc. As at the first performance the work is competently played by the Hallé Orchestra conducted by Barbirolli. No recording engineer could possibly make that finale sound lucid or even coherent. But even if the other three movements do not add much to what we already know of the composer, they are all distinctively personal in manner and conclusive in their modest music argument.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,391

Set by Paedophobe

Conkers may be nearly over, but Guy Fawkes is still to come, while *Peter Pan*, the circus, Christmas parties and stockings, are beginning to loom above the horizon. The usual prizes are offered for the best Poem Against Children. Limit 16 lines; entries by November 6.

Result of No. 1,388

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for a conversation between the brothers Light and Home Programme commenting on all the fuss being made about little brother Third's tenth birthday.

Report

Dialogue, especially prose dialogue, nearly always seems to throw competitors. They stutter and sprawl and slop without shape, grip or tightness. Let me recommend a few lessons with one of the recognised masters, Kipling, Shaw, Compton-Burnett. Luckily there was the verse alternative, and this saved the day. Before coming to the winners, I should like to mention two near hits (or good shots on wrong targets). Matthew Dick's Lallans, for instance, and Gloria Prince's Browning parody (which was hardly dialogue, though) which ended:

> (Do people dote on the little bore?)
> Well, no doubt the lad's worth listening to
> (When the Autumn comes!) which I mean to do
> (Some day!) as I said before.

I suggest that the prize money be shared between the following:

Home: No one could call us snooty, Bert, but isn't it odd that Basil
Now that he's ten years old should go on a terribly grown-up razzle!
Light: Certainly, George. The Archers and Dales are probably feeling forgotten;
The Housewives haven't much choice, poor dears, but the swing boys say it's rotten.
Home: Beethoven's a buddy of Basil's, we know, but why should the blighter have Gandhi?
As for that Ulysses Irishman, Bert, he drives me to Buchan and brandy.
Light: Brandy, you say? Then Basil's forgiven—so don't think too badly of Mother:
A kid who can make us as thirsty as this is tops for my " Listen with Brother."

J. R. TILL

I fear (with a pompous cough), ses Home,
I can't find much that's right
In a brother who lives for *Lear* and Loam
And anything else that's dull, ses Home;
Should a boy of ten have a balding dome
And never have fun or show delight?
That's how he is, ses Home.

Our brother's a blessed bore, ses Light,
He's merely a talking tome;
To put it blunt (and his eyes were bright),
He's a flickin' square, like you, ses Light,
With your symphony muck on a Wednesday night!
And he scornfully made the Sign to Home.
That's what he is, ses Light.

R. A. MCKENZIE

Light: It's a glorious day for folk songs in Malay,
And traditional verse from Corsica,
The wild celebrations including (Hooray!),
A new work by P. Racine Fricker.
Home: An Admass remark in the poorest of taste
For the matter is not one for sniggers,
And I can't see on what all the blackslapping's based—
Just look at the listening figures!
Light: I'll agree that the praise has got quite out of hand,
And it gives me a pain in the belly,
But united, Steam Radio services stand—
Divided, we fall to the Telly.

GEOFFREY G. BENNETT

" Are you coming to the party? " said Brother Home to Light,
" There are features, there is music, though a trifle recondite.
See how avidly the learned and the erudite advance!
Will you, won't you, will you join me in an old Castilian dance? "

" Are you coming to the party? " said Brother Light to Home,
" There will be a splendid lecture on antiquities in Rome.
There are bound to be some Silences, and *Poémes Provençales;*
Won't you, will you, won't you join me in a lively Bach Chorale? "

" Are you coming to the party? " asked their little brother, Third,
But his elders, Home and Light, turned away without a word.
" I must confess," Light later said, " I like my parties bright."
" Each to his choice," the other cried, " I'm going Home. Good-night! "

EILEEN M. HAGGITT

" I confess," remarked Light, " I am rarely stirred
By Prodigy Third;
Tanganyika's Population Problem or *The Interpretation of Baroque Music*
May not make *you* sick,
But—" " Certainly not! " said Home with distaste, " though I prefer a Coronation."
" Vomit! " said Light. " Variety for me, or the Centre Court with Mottram and Paish on,
Never, never, NEVER *Vagn Holmboe, Portuguese Poetry*, or *The Viennese Classical Period*—"
" Those of Light wit," smiled Home, " are quickly weriod."
" —by one Fritz Rothschild."
" Who for butterfly-minded you," said Home, " was not enough of a moth's child! "
" All the same," said Light, " in a way I'm proud of the little bl——."
" We might say," suggested Home, " long live " *Kindertotenlieder!* "
(Over Light's head.) " I wonder," he mused, " what people want to know about *Goa*
Foa? "

J. A. LINDON

City Lights

Sir John and Mr. D.

While the 18 Malayan tin mines are busy handing back surplus cash to shareholders and advising them to ignore Camp Bird, things are beginning to warm up in the rubber market. Finance houses have found it profitable to bid for rubber companies, recoup most of the purchase price from liquid assets, earn a noble rate of profit on the plantations and stand to make a glorious windfall by selling them piecemeal to Malayan smallholders. The rubber groups have nervously been considering amalgamations and returns of surplus cash: share prices have quietly risen 20 per cent. since the early summer. The battle has now come out into the open. Sir John Hay, chairman of one of the tin mines on Mr. Dalgleish's list, is also chairman of a large group of rubber companies. At the meeting of one of them, K.M.S., he acknowledged shareholders'

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demands for the return of surplus cash and declared that it is "our intention to seek the best means of setting free some part of our accumulated funds." This, as a possible lead to the general policy of his group and perhaps to that of other rubber groups, provoked a general spurt in rubber prices. But at a meeting this week it became clear that K.M.S. is to remain a special case. For the other companies, it is proposed to set up a private investment trust to invest their surplus assets in some more profitable medium than the gilt-edged market.

* * *

When the owners of a thriving company want to sell part of it or raise fresh capital for it, the usual thing is to get a Stock Exchange quotation for its shares; and the cheapest, easiest way of getting a quotation is often to sink the company's identity in that of a moribund concern whose quotation is its one remaining asset. This "shell" technique is now common.

There was still a little left in the shell of Holders Investment Trust last year, net profits of around £1,600. But the nature of the company was completely transformed when there was put into it the business of William Hill (Football). Holders Trust, whose board of directors changed about this time, agreed to buy William Hill for £1.05m, payable in seven equal instalments out of profits. This purchase price was not particularly generous, but the shares of Holders Trust, of course, rose sharply. The new acquisition seemed likely to provide earnings (even net of the instalment payments) of around 450 per cent. tax free to cover the forecast 7½ per cent. dividend.

In the spring, the process went a stage further. Holders Trust bought up William Hill (Glasgow)—not, this time, on the instalment plan, but in exchange for Preference shares and non-voting Ordinary shares. The non-voting share gambit is a familiar one: it seemed likely that they would be sold, and a placing was arranged soon after at a price which showed a modest profit. The Preference share arrangements are a little more unusual, since this part of the purchase price can be encashed by the company at any time between 1959 and 1971. The arrangements for turning income into capital are clearly very flexible.

This week, Holders Trust has announced profits for its first full year with William Hill the First—up, much as expected, from £221,000 to £1.08m. The dividend goes up to 100 per cent.

* * *

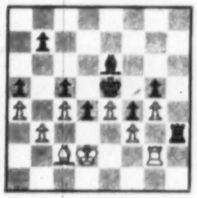
The Capital Issues Committee comes more obviously into the case of St. Martin's le Grand Property. This company is bidding for the Ordinary and Preference capital of a jam firm called Tickler—the declared object of the bid is to sell off a large part of the assets and reinvest the cash in property, and Tickler already holds some £250,000 in cash. The offer takes the form of Loan stock for the two Preference issues and a mixture of Loan stock and St. Martin's Ordinary for the equity. St. Martin's, in short, will get new resources for expansion, and Tickler's shareholders will get securities which they can sell for cash: the net effect is precisely the same as if St. Martin's had started off with an issue to the public and used the cash to buy out Tickler shareholders. This second, more direct method, however, would have required the consent of the Capital Issues Committee. The method adopted does not. St. Martin's went to the point of making sure that the CIC would not object to its proposals, which it could hardly have done under its present rules.

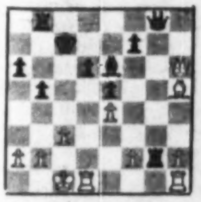
TAURUS

The Chess Board

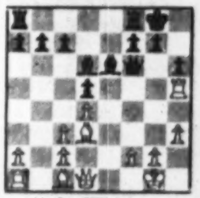
No. 363. Bad Bishop

No offence meant against the clergy. Actually, if it weren't for the loss of alliteration, I might as well call the piece "Good Bishop." Most of us, of course, have learned at Caissa's knee that in a B & P ending with a White KB facing a Black QB (or vice versa) it is usually a decisive disadvantage to have one's pawns on the squares of one's own bishop's colour; the obvious reason being that the poor fellow's mobility is hampered by his own pawns. Here's a case in point, an instructive position from the recent Paignton tournament where W. Heidenfeld countered White's (41) K-K2 by . . . P-Q6 ch!, (42) BxP, K-Q5, (43) B-B2, K-B6, (44) B-Q1, R-R8, (45) R-B2, P-Kt4!, (46) BPxP, P-B5, (47) R-B1, R-R7 ch!, (48) R-B2, R-R1. Here White resigned since PxP would lead to mate, and otherwise the B gets lost. Black had to beware of blundering the game away by (47) . . . RxR which, after (48) KxR, PxP, (49) BxP!, KxB, (50) P-Kt6 would have led to a win for White. Another variation pointed out by Heidenfeld is (41) B-Q1, R-Kt6!, (42) R-R2, P-Q6, (43) R-R6, K-Q5!, (44) RxB, R-Kt7 ch, followed by . . . K-K6, etc. An equally interesting ending was sent in by G. S. Fisher, who, even though he didn't play it himself, has well earned his chessbook voucher for having noted the position and subjected it to a rather more thorough analysis than I have space for. Here it is ./ 8/ p7/ 1p4p1/ 3k4/ P5P1/ 4K3/ 1P6/ 8/. White won by (1) K-B4, K-K3, (2) K-Kt5, K-B2, (3) K-R6!, K-B3, (4) P-Kt4!, P-R3 (best), (5) P-Kt5!, P-R4, (6) K-R7!, K-Kt4, (7) K-Kt7, KxP, (8) KxP, K-B5, (9) K-B6, K-K5, (10) K-K6, K-Q5, (11) K-Q6, K-B5, (12) K-B6, K-Kt5, (13) KxP, KxP, (14) K-B5 etc. White's 4th was the only move to win, since (4) K-R7, K-Kt4 etc. would only draw; and (4) P-Kt3?, P-R4! or (4) P-Kt5 ch, K-B4 would actually lose for White; and so would (5) P-R5?, P-QKt4, (6) P-Kt5 ch, K-B4! etc. Here, finally, is a pretty King-hunt contributed by that valiant ladder-climber, C. G. Hilton. This position occurred in a match-game played by Hilton (White) some years ago. After (1) B-B3 Black countered . . . RxBP, evidently hoping for (2) Q-K3, RxB, (3) QxR, B-Kt5. But Hilton did rather better than that by (2) Q-R4!, RxB, (3) Q-K7 ch, K-B1, (4) RxP, R-Kt2, (5) R-B6 ch, K-Kt1, (6) Q-Q6 ch, K-R1, (7) RxP ch, R-R2, (8) Q-B6 ch, K-Kt1, (9) R-Kt6 ch, etc. Had Black ventured (3) . . . K-Kt3 he would have soon been mated by (4) RxP ch, etc. Nor would have (3) . . . B-Q2 been any good against (4) QxP ch, etc.





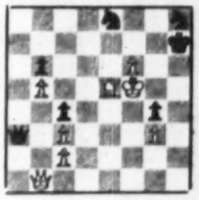
A: Genova 1956



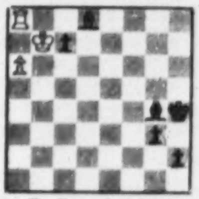
The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced the win in a few moves. It is the only "outsider" this week, both B and C being as home-made as they ought to be in a "Reader's Own" week and both contributed by highly distinguished composers. Blandford's neat little piece is a win for White, not too difficult, I hope, for 6 ladder-points. Lommer's (for 7 points) is a "helpmate" in 4, *i.e.* Black moves and helps White to mate him in 4 moves. Usual prizes. Entries by November 5th. (Remember, remember!) No space for competition report till next week.

ASSIAC

B: H. F. Blandford 1955



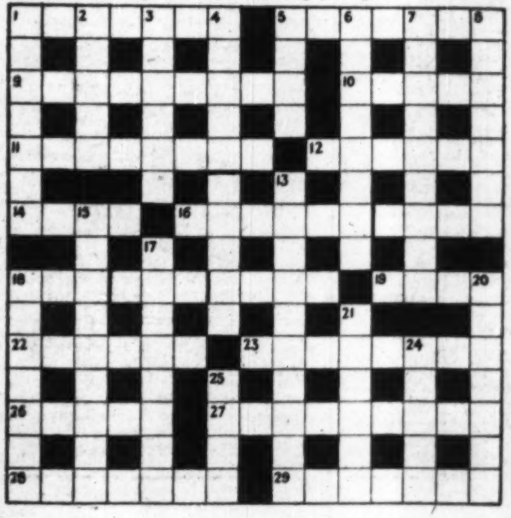
C: H. Lommer 1956



Dedicated to Vicky.

Week-end Crossword No. 222

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 222, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Nov. 6.



ACROSS

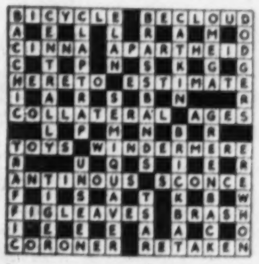
1. What is showy is nearly all rubbish (7).
5. This poet has work with relatives in the high school (7).
9. Shoe old and maliciously destroyed (9).
10. Musician with a piano in a centre of entertainment at the seaside (5).
11. Unfairness in making Josephine quit Yale (8).
12. A lawyer encloses information for the business (6).
14. A blast of wind for a second in the canal (4).
16. The singularly progressive record of a new republic? (6, 4).
18. Socialist Britain and the pub (3, 3, 4).
19. "Reminiscence makes one feel so deliciously — and sad." (Shaw) (4).
22. Dramas are broadcast in this town (6).
23. The Greek has drink put back in the bills of fare (8).
26. Town Hitler mostly destroyed (5).
27. "An amber scent of odorous perfume Her —" (Milton) (9).
28. The diet is not quite enough for the colonel's men (7).
29. Seals sounding like swans (7).

DOWN

1. The bird to go with an American drink (7).
2. Moisten, but cut short in the end of time (5).
3. Prance about and strike the ball upwards (6).
4. Corner for the correct viewpoint (5, 5).
5. Park for the evil side of a man's personality? (4).
6. Father gone crazy for an operatic character (8).
7. Threatening the devil with death (9).
8. The part of the water for the expert in aquatic sports? (7).
13. Stoke miler may convert to these distances (10).
15. The corrupt East passing away and becoming more stable (9).
17. Angels potentially almost praise Him (8).
18. Vessel which seems in danger of breaking up (7).
20. Runs away from his just reward (7).
21. City in which Miss Woffington has relatives (6).
24. Hook for the corner (5).
25. It is flimsy but is put in the bag for washing (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 220



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 220

David Wendon (Lowestoft), Mrs. M. B. Nicholas (Menton), Miss M. Cosh (London, W.11).

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PERSONAL—continued

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QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

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ARGO L.P. records for Christmas—"A Festival of Lessons & Carols" (RG 39), "Under Milk Wood" (RG 21, 22). Price 39s. 7½d. each from your dealer or direct from Argo Record Co., 29 George St., W.1.

MR. TOM Driberg will shortly be available for lectures on his visit to Moscow; his talks with Guy Burgess, Mr. Khrushchev and other Soviet leaders; and on current developments in the Soviet Union. Foyles Lecture Agency, 121 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

NOVEMBER "Labour Monthly": Out this weekend. Blackpool Balance-sheet (R.P.D.); Nationalise Now! (Joan Maynard, J.P., C.C.); Differential Rents (L. McGree); Eye-Witness at Peking (R. Page Arnot); A New Trend in Films (John Alexander); Letters from Jenny Marx. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134b Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

PLATEAU for Profits; Strain on the Hospitals; Electricity Report; Farmers & a Bad Harvest; "Labour Research," 9d. (11s. p.a.), 2 Soho Sq., W.1.

ORIGIN of Life, by Acad. Oparin. Also survey of Acad. of Sciences work & publications, etc. Soviet Science Bulletin Vol. III No. 3. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, or bookshops.

NATURE Cure from the Inside, by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

NEWS from Moscow! For the background news to the changes that have taken place in the U.S.S.R. see the two Soviet journals "News," a fortnightly review, 10s. a year. "Moscow News," twice weekly, 12s. a year. Collet's Bookshop, 45 Museum St., W.C.1.

BEWARE of the Bull in the china shop. Industrial design is forged art. Pottery could be saved. Pottery Quarterly is evidence of that. Autumn issue just out. 16 full art plates. 40 pp. Pottery Quarterly, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. Sample copy 3s. 9d. Subscription 15s.

"END of the Line," Bryan Morgan's "great work of art" (Paul Jennings) is the really thoughtful gift for the connoisseur of Continental travel. Years hence he'll show his grandchildren its nostalgic pictures of narrow gauge oddities which yet survive. 25s. (post 1s.): booksellers, or Cleaver-Hume Press, 29 Wright's Lane, Kensington, W.8.

INDEX of Miniature Scores. 1956. Over 3,000 covered. 15s. post free. D. Levin, 51 Cathcart Road, London, S.W.10.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank Street, Glasgow.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924

PENGUIN to a library bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamps. Van calls. Has anyone Borkenau's Communist Int'n'l? The Hammersmith Bkshop, Ltd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

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PROF. wom. sks. b/s, own ckg., H/C, nr. bus stop. N.W.8/N.W.3. Box 8122.

WOMAN grad. wants rent/buy sml. unf. s/c flat nr. Cent. Lndn. Box 8123.

YNG. man, 21, recently fin. studies & now working in industry as man. trainee, wants inexp. furn. or partly furn. b/s or self-cont. flatlet, Swiss Cottage or Hampst. w. piano for pref. Phone HAM. 1103.

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IDEAL for late Autumn holidays—Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers good food, warmth, comfort, delightful surroundings.

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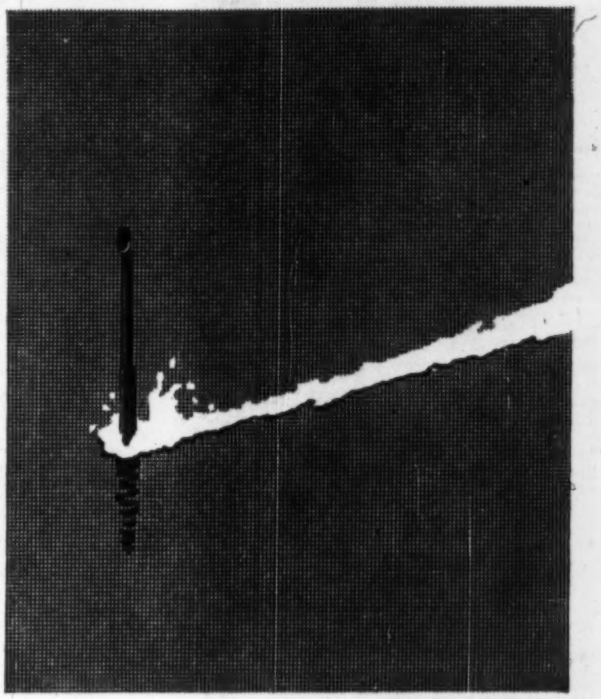

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(E)

ENTERTAINMENTS

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Pl., N.1. "Cæsar and Cleopatra," Tavistock Rep. Co. Shaw Centenary Production, Fri. Oct. 26, Sat. 27, 7.30 p.m. Box Office: 9-6 p.m. CAN. 3475, 6-9 p.m. CAN. 5111.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Lst. wk. 7.30, St., Sn. 5 & 8. "The Children's Hour." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Brecht's "Exception & Rule," Lorca's "Shoemaker's Wife." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Mems. only.

OPERA Circle, Sun. evgs., Oct. 28, 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. "Don Pasquale," intro by Andrew Porter with mems. Sadler's Wells cast; Nov. 25, "Sonnambula," Dec. 5, "Wat Tyler." Partics.: Hon. Secretary, WEStern 7513.

SOVIET Variety & Concert artists at the Albert Hall, London, Thurs., Nov. 8 (7.30 p.m.). Tckts. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1 (10% discount for 20 or more).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Oct. 28: Galina Ulanova in "Trio-Ballet" (U). From Oct. 29: Galina Ulanova in "Romeo & Juliet" (U).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. Oct. 28. 6 days. Card of Fate. a. (French) Second Chance. a.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Oct. 27, Deanna Durbin in "Mad About Music" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Sunday Afternoon Programmes of Art Films; at 2.30 and 3.45 p.m. October 28, 1956: Van Meegeren's Faked Vermeers; Third Dimension; St. Paul de Vence.

LEWISHAM Film Society. RAV. 2461. Unitarian Hall, next Cent. Library. Oct. 27, 7.15. "Twelfth Night." (U.S.S.R., col.). Non-mems. 3s.

BRITISH tourists to Hungary present "Glimpses of Hungary": photographs, slides, 16mm film taken by Sir Geoffrey Howarth, 8mm film taken by Dr. Stephen Kennedy. Sat., Oct. 27, at 7.30 p.m. British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Adm.: Members 1s, Guests 2s. (BAY. 2690.)

WINTER Sports enthusiasts are invited to our Winter Sports Film Show & Party at the Royal Empire Society, Northumberland Ave., W.C.2. Nov. 1, 6.30. Entrance to Film Show free, Party including buffet 7s. 6d. Tickets from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

JIVE Sessions at Tynegate-Smith Studio, 15 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 7007. Sats. Suns. 8ish-latish. Sat.: Port Louis Jazzmen. Sun.: Sonny Monk and his Trad. Band. Rudy Marsalis, Creole Singer.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Sat., Oct. 27, 8-11 p.m. At Home: Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Mems. 3s. Guests 5s.

COME to the Moscow Festival Cabaret Dance. 20 Pont St., Sat., Nov. 3. 7.30. 3s.

"IT'S not a hop, don't rock or roll, just come to our Bonfire Bounce on Nov. 3. St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd., N.W.1," say London Jewish Graduates Association. Dancing 7.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. to the Jack Parry Orchestra. Mems. 7s. 6d. Vis. 8s. 6d.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evgs., every Tuesday and Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or tel. PRI. 7479, evgs.

CENT. Lond. Fabian Society dance. Sat., Oct. 27, 8-11.30. Artworkers Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. (Kingsway Tube.) Adm. 3s. 6d. Refreshments available.

BARN Dances—Every week at Cecil Sharp House. Ring GUL. 2206.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Wed. Oct. 31 at 5.45. John Dykes Bower, Organ Recital. Bach, Tomkins, John Blow, Mendelssohn. Tkts. 3s. 6d. (Unres.) WAT. 3191.

LONDON Choral Society. Royal Festival Hall, Fri., Nov. 2, at 7.30 p.m. Mozart: Serenade No. 11 (1st Movement); Mellers: Pax Dei (first public performance); Bruckner: Mass in E Minor; Stravinsky: Piano Concerto. Solo Piano: Soulima Stravinsky. A section of the London Symphony Orchestra. Cond.: John Tobin. Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., from Box Office (WAT. 3191).

FREE Concerts at the Horniman Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23, on Wednesday evenings, at 7.45 p.m. October 31: Music of Persia, by members of the Asian Music Circle. November 7: Folk Songs from Many Lands. November 14: Military Music. November 21: Folk Music of Ireland. Seats may be reserved at any of these concerts on application to the Curator. (1592.)

EXHIBITIONS

SPECIAL Exhibition "Built in U.S.A." Post-War Architecture. Building Centre, 26 Store Street, W.C.1. 9.30 a.m.-5 p.m. Saturday, 1 p.m. Till October 27.

BRAQUE. An Arts Council Exhibition of paintings. The Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 11. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tue., Thur., 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Jack Smith: Paintings. Closing Oct. 26.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

16th and 17th Century Theatre Design in Paris. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Nov. 28. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal People. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters, 19th & 20th Centuries. Important works for sale—Boudin. Cézanne, Corot, Courbet, Fantin, Monet, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, etc. Opens Oct. 29. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Picasso Himself: Original paintings, drawings, photographs & souvenirs. Mon.-Fri. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Closed Sun. Adm. 2s. Mems. free.

ANTHONY Gross: The eight large etchings known as the "Le Boulvé Suite" are now published and on show at St. George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St. W.1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Merlyn Evans retrospective 1927-1956. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Christoforou; Paul Millichip. 11-6.

BEN Uri Gall., 14 Portman St., W.1. Lottie Reizenstein, Fritz Kramer, Eric Doitch. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Till Nov. 4.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Stoneware & Porcelain by Lucie Rie & Hans Coper. Daily 10-6; Sat. 10-1.

NEW Vision Centre Gallery, 4 Seymour Place, Marble Arch. Otway McCannell.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Paintings by Brian Robb. Oct. 31 until Nov. 24.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

DEPENDENT Peoples' Freedom Day; Public Meeting, Tuesday, October 30, 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, Westminster. Speakers: Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P.; Dr. S. Levenberg (Israel Labour Party) and representatives of the Praja Socialist Party of India, Malayan Labour Party, Carribean Socialist Federation. Tickets, price 6d., obtainable at door or from the Secretary, British-Asian and Overseas Socialist Fellowship, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

THE Abortion Law Reform Association. Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1956. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Annual Meeting 6.30 p.m. Public Meeting, 7 p.m. Subject: "Immediate Prospects for our Private Member's Bill." Speakers: Joseph Reeves, M.P., Douglas Houghton, M.P., Kenneth Robinson, M.P.

"ON Living With Nuclear Energy." D. G. Arnott, Sec. Atomic Sciences Committee, A.Sc.W., speaks Caxton Hall, Tuesday, October 30, 7.30 p.m. Admission 1s. National Assembly of Women. VIC. 3545.

LECTURE on Groddeck by Oscar Köllerström. Caxton Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1, 8.30 p.m. Monday, Oct. 29, Therapy and Its Field as Problems in Language. Collection.

R. S. W. POLLARD, J.P., "Impressions of Religion in China," Oct. 28, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Questions after lecture.

R. M. LOCKLEY will speak on "Wild Wales," illustrated with films, at Church House, Westminster, S.W.1, 7.15, Nov. 7. Lady Brunner presiding. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Ramblers' Assn. (Lecture), 48 Park Rd., N.W.1. S.a.e. with postal applns.

JOHN Strachey, M.P., and R. Palme Dutt on "Has Communism Changed?" Fabian Autumn Lecture, Oct. 31, Livingstone Hall (opposite St. James's Park Stn.). Tkts. 2s. 6d. at door or from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

FIRST of Series of 3 Discussion Meetings, Caxton Hall, 7.30 p.m., October 30: "The Negro Struggle for Full Equality." Chairman, Basil Davidson; Speaker, Claudia Jones. Film. Admission at door 6d.

"CONWAY Discussions," Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in Library, Tues., Oct. 30, at 7.15 p.m., J. W. Leslie, "Esperanto—a Living Language for a United World." Adm. free. Colln.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, October 28, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham: "Collective Man."

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., on Nov. 3. Film "Welcome Mr. Marshall." Spanish feature film with Eng. sub-titles.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, W.C.1. Wed., Oct. 31, 6.30, Public Lecture: "Saints & Gentlemen," R. Percheron. Read "The Middle Way," quarterly 2s 9d post free. Inf. TAT. 1313.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

DEATH in the Air. Conference on Air Pollution, Dr. D. Stark Murray (chair.), Mr. Ritchie Calder, Drs. Horace Joules, Barnett Stross, M.P., Hugh Price. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 2.30 p.m. Saturday, November 10, tickets 2s. 6d. Socialist Medical Association, 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon., Oct. 29, 8.15 p.m. Jazz: Lect. Recital: Lionel Hampton by Jeff Aldam. Personal Choice: Raymond Horricks. Mems. 1s. Guests 2s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Tues., Oct. 30, 8.15 p.m. Art: John Golding: Cubism and Braque. Members 1s. Guests 3s.

I.C.I., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Thurs., November 1, 8.15 p.m. Art: Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler: Picasso, the Man & the Artist. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

A LECTURE will be given by Herr Ernst Lemmer on the "Future of Berlin," for the Anglo-German Association, on Thursday, November 1, at 6.30 p.m. at Caxton Hall. Tickets: Members 1s. 6d. Non-members 2s.

"THE Social Aspect of Automation," talk by Dr. T. E. Easterfield, Head Economic Research Depart., of Depart. Scientific and Industrial Research, Monday, October 29, 8.15 p.m., Council Room, 33, Seymour Place, W.1. B'nai B'rith, First Lodge of England. Visitors welcome.

S.C.R. Education Section Annual General Meeting. Also informal reception for Mme. Dolgusheva (lecturer in English, Leningrad). Thurs., Nov. 29, at 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8. 7.15 p.m.

RACIAL Unity; Lecture, "Changing West Africa," by Mr. E. B. Ndem, M.A., 7 p.m., Monday, October 29, 32 Tavistock Sq.

CHIEF Scientific Secretary, U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences, A. V. Topchiev, on Plans, Problems, Prospects. Questions & Disc. Mon., Oct. 29, 7 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. 2s.)

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "Sartrian Ethics & Existentialist Conversion." 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Wed., Oct. 31, 7.30 p.m.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Nov. 2, 8.30. Miss E. Pauline Quigly: "Rare Burmese Tapestries." (Illustrated.) 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11 (PARk 7696). Fri., Oct. 26, 8 p.m. Dr. O. Chadwick, "Anglican Delegation to Russia." Fri., Nov. 2, No lecture; meeting transferred to Tues., Nov. 6, 8 p.m. Peter Williams, "Bolshoi Theatre Ballet."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on (i) "Néolithique et Enéolithique à Byblos"; (ii) "Byblos, des premières installations à l'organisation urbaine et les développements de la ville jusqu'à la conquête amorite (c. 2150 av. J.-C.)"; (iii) "'Umm el-'Amed, un bourg hellénistique au pays d'Asher" will be given by Dr. M. Dunand (Directeur de la Mission Archéologique Française au Liban), at 5.30 p.m. on October 31, November 1 and 2, at University College (Gustave Tuck Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. The lectures will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket.

"WORLD Prosperity—can we build it together?" A conference on economic development mainly for Commonwealth and other overseas students, November 10-11, at Indian Students' Y.M.C.A. Speakers include Lord Birdwood, Lord Boyd Orr, Prof. André Philip, T. Swaminathan I.C.S. Apply Federal Educational & Research Trust, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. (TRA. 2275.)

FROM Comics to Classics. Conference on Children's Reading, Illiteracy, Children's Books. Church House, Westminster. Sat., Nov. 3, 10 a.m. 5 p.m. Tkts. 5s. from Mrs. Anthea Holme, 23 Marlborough Place, N.W.8.

SCIENCE & Religion. A course of 36 lectures on the problems of religion & the philosophy of science will be held Tuesday evenings at Toynbee Hall. Course fee 16s. Apply Director of Education, Toynbee Hall, Commercial St., E.1. BIShopsgate 3633.

"MOVEMENT Patterns of To-day and the Jazz Saltata," a practical course given by Rudolf Laban and Lisa Ullmann on Sats., Nov. 17, Dec. 8, 1956, Jan. 26, Feb. 23, 1957, at Y.W.C.A., Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Syllabus includes: Modern Movement Habits, Movement expression as seen on film and television, the Movement Choir and mid-20th century dance forms. Details: Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

URCHFONT Manor. Short Residential Courses. Fri., Nov. 9-Sun., Nov. 11. "The Irish Literary Movement." Principal lecturer Mr. L. A. G. Strong. Fri., Nov. 23-Sun., Nov. 25, "Portraiture in Britain." Autumn Programme from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, nr. Devizes, Wilts.

ADVANCED Case Work Course. Applications are invited from qualified and experienced case-workers, aged preferably 28-45, for Fellowships for full-time training in the Tavistock Clinic (Children's Department). Period of training mid-September, 1957, to end of July, 1958. Further information and application forms obtainable from the Senior Tutor, Advanced Case Work Course, Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, London, W.1. Closing date for applications Feb. 28, 1957.

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